San Francisco, January 31, 1901

THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume L *Number 5*

For Common-Place Mercies.

ARE we grateful, as grateful we should be
For commonplace days of delight,
When safe we fare forth to our labor,
And safe we fare homeward at night;
For the weeks in which nothing has happened
Save commonplace toiling and play,
When we've worked at the tasks of the household
And peace hushed the house day by day?

O! common are sunshine and flowers,
And common are raindrops and dew,
And the gay little footsteps of children,
And common the love that holds true.
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,
That straight from Thy hand are bestowed,
We are fain to uplift our thanksgivings—
Take, Lord, the long debt we have owed.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

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THE PACIFIC

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"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, January 31, 1901

Doubt Him Not.

"Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather
Doubt him not!
Always hath the daylight broken—
Always hath he comfort spoken—
Better hath he been for years,
Than thy fears."

God answers prayer. This is the testimony of the ages. But he does not always answer it just as the petitioner would like to have it answered. Infinite mind knows what is best, and in his wisdom he always gives the thing needful. The great missionary Judson once said: "I never was deeply interested in any object; I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came at some time—no matter how distant the day—somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised—it came."

A more widely known woman than Mrs. Nation of Kansas it would be difficult to find. She is distinguishing herself by extinguishing saloons. Well, the saloon is an outlaw in Kansas, and the state is to be congratulated in that it has at least one citizen who is of heroic mould enough to go out and attack the beast. Just what good will come from it, however, it is hard to foresee. For one thing it calls attention in an emphatic manner to the great iniquity of the traffic. Few people would wish to do what Mrs. Nation is doing. But on the other hand there will be few to condemn her. The saloon ought to be smashed in some way; and we believe that the twentieth century will see it smashed.

The sermon by Dr. Gunsaulus out of which sprang Armour Institute has been called "the million-dollar sermon." Out of a little book, by John G. Fee, on the anti-slavery question, grew another educational institution which is destined to be as far-reaching in its influence for good as Armour Institute. It is Berea College. At Lane Seminary, under the teaching of Lyman Beecher and Calvin Stowe, the conviction came to him that he must not only rank himself with the abolitionists, but that he must proclaim his convictions, his hostility to slavery, in Kentucky. His father, who was a Kentucky slave-holder in a small way, at once disinherited him, and for years he led a life of great toil and poverty. Often threatened by mobs, singularly he suffered no bodily harm, but for years there was a constant laying down of his life for the oppressed black man. Cheer came to him from time to time from the North, from men like Garrison, Gerritt Smith, Phillips and Beecher. The little book which led to the founding of the college was an anti-slavery manual. It came to the notice of Cassius M. Clay, who a short time before bought a large tract of land in Kentucky, announcing it as his intention to keep it forever free from the foot of a slave. General Clay, thus interested in Mr. Fee, invited him to settle on the land and to become pastor for the district. And there, in that clearing in the wilderness, forever consecrated to freedom, was founded and built up Berea College, which, measured by the good it has done, ranks high on the list of educational institutions in America.

Recent investigations show that the sentiment for co-education is increasing among young men. The statistics show an increased attendance of 70 per cent from 1890 to 1898 in co-educational colleges, while the increase in separate colleges for men have been only 34.7. At first thought the statistics might lead to the conclusion that the young women prefer separate education, for the attendance on their part has increased more rapidly in the sepa-

rate colleges than in those where co-education is the rule. But this is accounted for from the fact that the colleges in the East are largely separate, and it is not possible for the young women to choose where they will attend.

Concerning China.

On the 23d of October, 1900, there landed in the city of New York from foreign lands a peculiarly costumed man about threescore and ten years of age. His hands were full of luggage, and a gun was strapped across his shoulders. A boy whom he summoned to help carry his packages remarked: "You must have been hunting somewhere." "Yes," replied the man, "in Asia, beyond the sea." To the question, "What kind of game?" the answer was, "Tigers." This traveler from afar was W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D., President of the Chinese Imperial University, and he had arrived in New York in the actual costume worn by him during the weeks of the siege in Peking. It is not surprising that the boy asked no further questions when the stranger said that he had been hunting tigers. His equipment indicated that he had been hunting some sort of fierce wild animal, though the doctor himself has said since that he should have replied, "hyenas." For we would have to search far in the pages of history to find a parallel for the siege of Peking. Usually in this age of the world the besieged have only to lay down their arms to insure the best of treatment. But not so in Peking. In the event of surrender it is not likely that any of that heroic band would have been left alive.

Since his arrival in this country Dr. Martin has given, in a volume published by the Revell Company, of Chicago, the story of that siege. It is an exceedingly valuable contribution to the study of conditions in China. For more than a quarter of a century he has represented, in the great capital of China, that which is best in American civilization, and has exercised a great influence.

One of the important lessons that has suggested itself to Dr. Martin by his study of Chinese history is that it has been necessary for those who have successfully governed China in the past, to adopt the civilization of their subjects. The Manchus did this more thoroughly than any of their predecessors, "becoming, perhaps, more Chinese than the Chinese themselves," showing themselves entirely inaccessible to new ideas. Of all peoples the Chinese are said to be the easiest to govern; today they are only misguided, while their Manchu rulers are treacherous and implacable. Among the Manchus, however, he distinguishes between the progressive Emperor and the anti-foreign Empress Dowager. "The advisers of the former, in the work of reform, were exclusively Chinese. The instigators of the latter, in her bloody reaction, were chiefly Manchus."

Especially interesting and valuable are Dr. Martin's words on "Reconstruction." It is evident that he would have the United States figure more prominently in Chinese affairs in the future than she has in the past. The island of Hainan, a stepping-stone between Hong Kong and the Philippines, "half as large as Sicily and capable of being made equally rich in its productions," would in his opinion give us tangible ground for demanding to be heard on all great questions relating to the future of China. "It was not land-grabbing which impelled Great Britain sixty years ago to demand the island of Hong Kong. What she wanted was a pousto, a fulcrum from which to move the world. Nor for us will it be unduly aggressive to negotiate for the island of Hainan."

Dr. Martin surveys history and declares that it was not imperialism that led the Russian empire to overstep the Urals and make her way to the Pacific; had she neglected her opportunity the north of Asia would be today only a battleground for savage tribes; and had our forefathers neglected their opportunity we should not today possess a foot of land west of the Mississippi. By natural growth he finds that we have enlarged our borders and extended our influence even to Japan and China. And now as one whom God called to be a pioneer in the work in that far country, he stands again among us and tells of the great opportunity now presenting itself, and that it is necessary for us to grasp it in the interests of world-wide humanity.

A Kingdom Extension Society Program.

The Kingdom Extension Society of the Hassalo-street Congregational church of Portland has issued an excellent missionary program for the year. Three kinds of meetings are contemplated. "The lecture, which is to be held in the church auditorium, and will consist of an address by some specialist upon some particular phase of Christian activity. The study hour, to be held in the lecture room, and to consist of real study of some country, its characteristics, its social conditions, its religions, etc., as exhaustively as time will permit. And the social hour, which will be a somewhat more popular presentation of certain themes, the occasion being enlivened by a spirit of good fellowship. This meeting may be held at a private house. It is intended by this means to gain during the year, first, a general view of some of the more prominent points of interest all over the world; second, a more thorough knowledge of one country, namely, Africa; and, finally, a more personal acquaintance with our representatives in foreign lands, by direct correspondence."

Each month there is, in addition to other parts, a paper on current events. For January the glance was backward and forward. There were papers on "A Century of Congregationalism," and "The Outlook for the Kingdom in the New Century." At the social meeting in February some of the Kingdom's heroes will be considered—Robert Moffat, Bishop Hannington, and David Livingstone. In March, in the study hour at the church, Mohammedanism will be studied—its history and practices and its relation to Christianity. In April there will be a lecture in the church, Miss Farnham of Pacific University giving reminiscences of South Africa. The social aspects of the Kingdom are considered in May, by an historical sketch of the social settlement, a glimpse of it from within, and by a statement of what it seeks to accomplish. Another month Kingdom extension is considered in its relation to the young people. Under results of Christian effort for the Afro-American there will be a paper concerning Booker T. Washington and his relation to his race. In the month devoted to the work of the Kingdom in Turkey, the relation of the United States government to the mission work in that land will be considered, and a paper will be read concerning Cyrus Hamlin as a statesman. Papal America will be studied, social conditions in Roman Catholic countries will be set forth and Protestant methods of work among Catholics discussed. Under "The Gospel of Healing," for November, a paper will be read on "The Physician as a Minister of Religion." In December the pastor, Rev. B. S. Winchester, gives a retrospect—"The Year's Progress."

We give this fine program this extended notice, believing that it will prove suggestive and helpful to other pastors and churches. Any church adopting something of the kind will find its interest in missions greatly increased during its progress and consideration. Nothing is so well calculated to bring a contribution for the extension of Christ's Kingdom along the lines of every one of our denominational societies as a missionary society of which every member of the church is a member, and monthly meetings on some plan similar to this in our Portland church.

Some beautiful lights have shown out amid all the woe on the blood-stained South African veldt. Soldiers fighting for their flag have not forgotten that they were enlisted also under the banner of a heavenly King. One whom the British Weekly calls Jack was a hard drinker and a worthless fellow, but a Christian comrade brought him into the better life. And a few weeks later, just before a battle, he found another poor, worthless fellow, made so by drink, and plead and prayed with him. Repentant finally, Jack said to him: "Now, Joe, keep looking to the Lord Jesus; and see here, chum, if a stray shot should find me, you just take my place among the Christians in the battalion, and always give a helping hand to the erring ones. The Good Shepherd is seeking them, and we must do as he does." A stray shot did find Jack the next day and he was laid away with the dead. Joe soon went home on sick leave, and though poor and ignorant, he is giving ever the helping hand that his comrade on the battlefield

influenced him to give. A friend said of him recently: "He is doing his best, and his best is very good, for behind his resolution is the strength of the strong Son of God." Here we have the record of the kind of preaching our Savior had in mind when he said to the first disciples: "Go ye and disciple all nations." It is a kind in which every loving heart can have participation, and it is the winning kind, for with it goes the promise, "I am with you alway."

Notes.

We are likely soon to change somewhat the form of The Pacific. Instead of 32 pages there will be 24, but they will be larger than the page is at present, and the paper will contain more reading matter. We find it convenient to conform to the measure of the California Christian Advocate, that paper now being put in type in our office and on our linotype.

At this season of the year the Eastern cities are usually overrun by a large number of unemployed men who come in from the country. There is but little or nothing for them to do in the country during the winter, and so they go to the cities seeking employment. For the large majority there is nothing but seeking. It is said that there is this year a large army of this kind in some of the cities. Nearly all are without any trade or profession, and are accordingly poorly adapted for the few positions now and then opening to them. The large majority eke out only a miserable existence. Next summer they will get back to the country and be ready next winter to repeat the experiment, quite unaware, seemingly, that the very best place for them all the time is the country. But at the best, even in what we call prosperous times, the condition of many is sad to contemplate. They really want work and cannot get it. We have such right here in the cities on San Francisco bay; men with families, who are not able to fit in any place. What they worked at a while ago they have lost, and some one else gets the places that open up now and then. Will not the twentieth century bring the people of America to some such pension system as is practiced already in some other countries?

Speaking recently concerning the future of Home Missions, the Rev. Dr. J. B. Clark said: "It is true the West is settled. With the possible exception of Wyoming, there are no new fields. The question now is not whether we will enter. We are already there, and so are other societies. We have gone west to the Pacific, and north and south to the border lines, where home mission effort stops. The natural question is, What next? Home missions have furnished the germs of American civilization. They have made the West what it is. How many educational institutions are there which do not owe their existence to church extension? But statisticians tell us that our population will double with the next generation or two. We may not have new territory, but we shall have 75,000,000 more people. In considering the future of home missions these millions offer the field, I think." The Rev. Dr. Ryder of the A. M. A. is quoted in the Boston Transcript as saying that the Philippines and the Pacific islands will come into home missionary hands. "He declares he sees no possibility of any other flag flying in the far East, and says it is a settled Congregational policy that the American Board works only under a foreign flag. Hence, he looks to see the Philippines and Guam turned over to home mission effort. As for education of Negroes, which task forms a large part of the Association's work, there were 4,000,000 blacks at the close of the Civil War, and practically none of them could read or write. Now there are 8,000,000, and the educated persons among them reaches fully 100,000. There is still much to do. With the Philippines and the Negroes of the South there is need of home mission work. The end may come, but it will not be in the day of persons now living."

Having a standing invitation to spend a Sunday at Santa Cruz the editor went thither last Saturday morning, entirely unaware that he had stumbled on the very Sunday when the Rev. J. R. Knodell, pastor of our church in that city, had arranged to preach a sermon on Christian journalism. The hearing of that sermon and a knowledge of what resulted from it convinces us that a proper presentation of the value of the religious and denominational paper in the home, and to all our church interests, would result in placing such a paper in hundreds more of the homes on the coast; and of course the paper that would thus enter Pacific Coast homes would be The Pacific. After the value of the paper had been set forth attention was called to cards in the pews on which were the words, "Our assistant pastor —The Pacific." Thereon also was a brief statement as to the aims of the paper and the lines of work covered by it. Although there was already a list of twenty-one names at Santa Cruz, forty-one cards were signed,

bringing the list up to sixty-two, and making the Santa Cruz church the banner church on our list—a larger proportion of its members than in any other church now receiving the paper. The pastor of that church not only believes that his people ought to read The Pacific, but in very plain and emphatic words he told them that they owed this to themselves and to Congregationalism and the Church kingdom. A collector will be appointed and these subscriptions will be collected monthly, the subscribers being given the privilege of paying at any time for the year and securing thus the yearly rate. What man has done man can do. Every church can have this assistant pastor without limit as to time or quantity. But such are the circumstances that he can not go unless by energetic management the way is opened up before him.

The Bystander.

Eccentricities of Genius.

This is the title of Major Pond's book. Major Pond is a lecture bureau, a man who embodies a movement. He is a Boswell who has followed many Johnsons over the world, recorded their sayings and given to the world the eccentricities of genius. He has had a long and varied career, and knows a thing or two about notable men. Incidentally he has made money in his expert handling of brains and he has had a good time in the bargain. His list of celebrities ranges from John B. Gough to Rudyard Kipling. The eccentricity in Kipling and Gladstone was that they could not be persuaded to lecture. Kipling writes, "And though there is money in the lecture business, it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the being at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys, and so on, make it very dear. I've seen a few men who lived through it, but they didn't look very happy. I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house, a lien on the horses, and a bill of sale on the furniture, and writer's cramp in both hands; but at present I'm busy and contented to go on with the regular writing business."

Spurgeon was never secured for the American lecture field. He wrote: "I am not at all afraid of anything you could say by way of temptation to preach or lecture for money, for the whole United States in bullion would not lead me to deliver one such lecture."

Major Pond was refused an audience with the great preacher. Mr. Gladstone was offered $10,000 for ten lectures, but refused.

But Major Pond was successful in gaining the attention of other men with whom he toured England and America. His plan was to take American stars to England and bring English stars to America, for "distance lends enchantment."

Dr, Talmage.

The account MajorPond gives of his experiences in England with Dr. Talmage, or "Talm-o-ge," as the English pronounced it, shows a disagreement between the lecturer and the manager. Indeed, it is a sharp criticism upon the preacher, and does him harm as an honorable man.

The reception given Talmage in Great Britain must be put down as the most remarkable ever given an American preacher abroad. The immense popularity of Talmage throughout Great Britain is seen in the fact that on the strength of a notice of his appearance published in the Christian Herald, two baskets filled with applications came to Major Pond the day after his arrival in London.

Bishop Potter.

The Bystander finds it impossible to review this fascinating gallery of character given us by Major Pond, but he will select a few notables for brief comment. Among the preachers described is Bishop Potter. But the Bishop won't lecture! He is one of the very best public speakers. "He told me of an incident that occurred as he was passing along Fourth avenue. Some urchins were playing in the street, and he overheard one of them say: "There goes the Bish. He's no chump." "I would rather have that eulogy from that urchin than from any statesman I know of."

John B. Gough.

Mr. Gough is pronounced to be the most popular lecturer for a longer term of years than any other favorite of the lyceums. From 1842 to 1852 he lectured on an average of three hundred times a year, making 3,000 lectures.

Wendell Phillips.

He is described as the bluest of the blue blood of New England and "the most polished and graceful orator our country ever produced." Among the incidents noted is that of the mob in Boston. They yelled and sang, and completely drowned his voice. The reporters were seated in a row just under the platform. Phillips made no attempt to address the howling mob, but began to talk to the reporters. The people ceased their clamor. The speaker looked at them and said quietly, "Go on, gentlemen, go on. I do not need your ears. Through these pencils I speak to thirty millions of people." The mob was whipped.

Joseph Parker.

The incident associated with Dr. Parker's American tour is not pleasant. It has to do with a money transaction growing out of the Beecher eulogy, but it serves to disclose a

characteristic of the great London preacher. Dr. Parker was engaged to give five lectures in this country. Meanwhile, his friend Mr. Beecher died, and he was engaged to pronounce the eulogy, the net proceeds of which were turned over to the Beecher Statue Fund. But the eulogy was one of the five lectures for which Parker was paid, and this was the cause of misunderstanding. The papers got hold of the facts and it was announced that "Dr. Parker takes pay for eulogizing his friend. Major Pond withholds money belonging to the Beecher statute." The reporters began to question Dr. Parker, who was on the road lecturing. He became disgusted, returned to New York, and engaged passage for England. $1,100 was due him. This was handed him in the form of a check. "Holding the check in his hand, he proceeded to tear it up. 'You are an honorable man. I want you to feel welcome at all times in my house in London. As to what you owe me, I propose to give you five hundred years to pay me, and if when due you cannot meet it I will renew it five hundred years more.' "

Matthew Arnold.

Among the amusing episodes of the lecture platform is the experience of Matthew Arnold, who made America laugh by his ridiculous performances. Nobody ever heard any one of the one hundred lectures he delivered while in this country. At his first lecture in Chickering Hall every seat was sold at a huge price. General Grant and his wife attended. "After a few moments General Grant said to Mrs. Grant, 'Well, wife, we have paid to see the British lion; we cannot hear him roar, so we had better go home.' They left the hall. A few minutes after there was a stream of people leaving the place."

Henry Ward Beecher.

The chapter on Beecher is, all in all, the most interesting in the book. Indeed, Major Pond makes too much of Plymouth church and its pastors. Every church is measured by Plymouth, and every orator by Beecher, always, of course, in Beecher's favor. It is a Plymouth church volume, and perhaps it would have been better had Major Pond been a little more sparing of Plymouth adjectives. Even Henry Ward Beecher may become a hobby. His description of Beecher's experiences in Richmond, Va., when the Legislature decided to boycott his lecture, all of which resulted in a signal victory for the great preacher, makes interesting reading; also his pen picture of Beecher baptizing the baby in Butte, Mont., and purchasing eighty dollars' worth of clothes for the poor family, is a characteristic sketch.

The lecture platform has declined because of operas, newspapers and magazines, and the absence of great speakers. Certainly Major Pond has rendered the people a distinct service in providing high-class entertainments for a sum within the reach of all.

Religious World.

Rev. J. B. Orr is conducting meetings at Crockett this week.

The Rev. Dr. Clifford of England says that the glory of the coming time will be the realization of the essential oneness of all the people of the globe. A new century letter read in the Congregational churches of England reminded the people that England has still to be evangelized, that the Protestant liberties of the country have to be safe-guarded and the disturbed and troubled age led back to a quiet and settled faith.

The venerable Dr. Guinness Rogers said in a recent London address that charity and philanthropy were never more active than now. It would be marvelous if all the varied forms of Christian charity were summed up. He found that there were still wrongs to be righted, sorrows needing comfort, and things to be greatly deprecated, but even religion itself had become more intensely human, and as he contemplated the changes of the last half century he thanked God that he had lived in a century so full of great events.

The Christian Register says that if one were to trust the rumors and expressed opinions about religion in the church, in society and in the press, one might decide that religion pure and undefiled no longer attracted the attention of the people. "The religious editorial, we are told, is gone. The day of the religious newspaper is passed. Preaching no longer holds the interest of the people. If the church is to have any future, it must do something. In short, works, and not faith, are now in demand. So runs the superficial judgment of many. But, judging by the many periods of ebb and flow in the tides of social sentiment, one who looks both backward and forward may see that society is preparing itself for a rising tide of religious feeling. Religion, defined as faith, trust, dependence upon a power which holds all our fortunes in its keeping, is the deepest need of human society. It would be an act of folly to make any plans for the twentieth century which should not include religion as the one subject which will engage most attention when we get a little further on."

Truth in the Home.

Mrs. F. B. Perkins.

Over the door of a house in a street not far away, the passerby may read the legend, "Home of Truth." Whatever the significance of the name in that especial case, every home should be worthy of the title. The number of truth-loving and truth-living homes must be multiplied, if we are to have purity and integrity in pulpit, society and State.

Where shall the good work begin? It were well could we all have acted upon the suggestion of Dr. Holmes, and secured for ourselves, in advance, the right kind of grandfathers. Yet, even when this blessed advantage of Christian ancestry is lacking, those who are to make the home may start it on new lines, if only there be a bright ideal and definite purpose. Let their friendship, even before marriage, be characterized by absolute candor, leading to the frank acknowledgement of faults and unattractive habits, and the mutual endeavor to correct them. Then will our daily papers chronicle fewer divorces secured upon the plea of incompatibility, and, instead, there will be happy homes established upon the firm foundation of genuine love.

The new household, being thus founded, how shall it be built up? Let every plan be made, every decision reached, with this thought in mind: Only that which is strictly honest and sincere shall find place in our breasts. There shall be no concealments between us. Heartiest welcome shall be given to all real friends; those whom we can help, or whose friendship will make us better. We may live very simply, but we will incur no debts. In the house-furnishing there shall be no tawdry shams, no gaudy pictures to deface our walls. If a book is bought, it shall be worth the reading. The Book of books shall be our constant guide; for—

> "The truth doth dwell within the holy tables
> Of God's live word, not in our wanton brain,
> Which, daily coining some strange error vain,
> For gold takes lead, for truth electeth fables."

In this word of God they will read: "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts"; truth, that is, not in outward forms, but as the ruling motive and impulse of life; and they will understand that, to meet God's will, they must cultivate a truthful spirit, full of truth. "Rejoicing in the truth," they will refrain from all that is false or misleading in word or gesture, and equally from silence, where silence would deceive. The love of truth, planted deep in the breast, will prove a seed, which, cultivated by the Divine Gardener, and watered by the river of his grace, will grow into the tree of sterling character, bearing not only twelve, but all manner of good fruits, each in its season. So will the man and woman find the fulfillment of the second clause of David's assertion, "In the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom." Thus taught the guardians of the household will not fail.

Gradually new duties and responsibilities arise. Little ones come to be reared and trained for God. Now, character in the parents, as was just said, is a growth, like the tree. They can teach only what they know. But experience will make them wiser day by day. Let them, then, pass on to the children, as need arises, the lessons which the Heavenly Father is teaching them, leaving for the future points which they themselves do not, as yet, fully grasp or believe. "The fathers to the children shall make known thy truth." But how?

The answer brings us back to the source of highest truth. As their own help comes from God's Word, so, they may be assured, will the simple, plain commands therein found be best for the young lives too. If, at family prayer, the selections from the Bible be short, easily understood and bearing directly upon practical living; and if the prayer be simple, sincere and heartfelt, breathing the spirit of thanksgiving, its petitions clear and definite—the childlike utterance of present needs—if the household be thus girt about with divine forces, be sure there will come, during the day, at their various occupations of work or play, remembrance of that morning worship; and the thought that God is near will give many a victory over temptations to unworthy action, falsehood or deceit.

Then there is the bed-time talk, the mother's best opportunity to help her child to honest confession of wrong-doing and resolutions to do better. Then may be made clear the sin of much which the world calls right. The whole question of "white lies," of dishonest excuses, of disobedience to the school rule demanding that misconduct be reported—showing that this is as truly a lie as though the falsehood were spoken—these and many kindred temptations may be talked over. So may a life-long impression be made upon consciences which are especially tender at that hour, because of the sense of mother-love and protection. We do not forget that, as the sons and daughters grow older they need to be guided into new and fuller truth. But the growth in the parent's character, experience and knowledge, will render this possible, and make the learning a mutual joy and blessing. Mrs. Sangster writes of a bright little Christian woman, who said: "My children are so much better than I am! I am quite cast in the shade by their goodness. I cannot feel

that I have been steady or consistent in bringing up my children except in this, that I never gave them a low motive for any action." They dressed carefully for church, because God was to be honored by the very best. They spoke politely, because it was kind and considerate to others to do so. For even the simplest act, the brightest motive was always given.

But teaching by word will avail little, unless illustrated by daily living, and all members of the family have a duty to do in forming what shall, in reality, be a home of truth, a "place where God's honor dwelleth."

It is not enough that the father is upright in all business dealings (hard, indeed, in these days of fierce competition). Fraud and overreaching must receive their merited condemnation in the household conversation. No chance must be given for any one to infer that there is aught to admire in a so-called successful career, unless that success be based upon and comes as the reward of noble purpose and faithful work. Moreover, young minds are very quick to notice inconsistencies; and if a child finds that the mother will, by some subterfuge, avoid paying his fare on the street-car, he will probably question the sincerity of her teaching on the duty of integrity. A friend once told me, in high glee, of leaving the train in which she was traveling, in the dark, so that the conductor did not receive her fare. But why did she not hand it to him? Every dollar was precious in that home, where money was sorely needed, but character was far more precious. Was her influence over her sons what it might have been, think you, had they known that their mother took care, in the very least things, to "live honestly in the sight of all men"?

And oh, let no member of the household ever dare to give a little child cause to doubt a Christian's word! A wee maiden of our acquaintance was once asked, when evidently incredulous about some statement, "Why, Belle, didn't papa say so?" "Y-e-e-s," came the answer, "but papa, he fools sometimes." We smiled, but it had been better had papa confined his jokes to strictest truth, and so have run no risk of losing the child's implicit trust in his word.

A wise parent will be chary of threatening punishment. When, however, after thought and prayer, this seems best, then the punishment must, without fail, follow the commission of the wrong. Has a reward of any kind been promised? Nothing within the parent's control should prevent the fulfilment of that pledge. No oaths, taken in a court of law, should be held more sacred than a promise to a child. A gentleman, calling one day upon President Lincoln, coaxed little Tad to his knee by offering to give him the charm from his watch-chain. Then, rising to leave, he put the little fellow down and turned to the door, entirely forgetting his promise. "Give him the charm, sir!" sternly demanded the man who could never brook injustice to any human being. Boys and girls whose elders never disappoint them by broken promises, may be told: "Be careful what you promise; but when your word is given, stand by it," and they will hardly be heard saying (as, alas! we do sometimes hear them say), "I promised I'd do that, but I don't mean to."

Now, what of the jokes which are so common and which involve actual untruths? May a falsehood be uttered by Christian lips "just for fun"? "Oh, everybody understands," say the jokers. No, not every one. Some sentimental Tommy, the baby of the family, perhaps, hears, laughs with the rest, and when next the fancy strikes him, tells as a fact that which he knows to be untrue. Mother looks grave, says, "That is naughty," and possibly punishes him for the fault. But can we not imagine the puzzle to the little brain? A thoughtful child, though a baby, will, in such a case, suffer from the sense of injustice, the pain of it, increasing as years and fuller knowledge teach him the wrong done, not only to his feelings at the time, but to his whole moral nature. We are not decrying fun and frolic and laughter in our truth-loving home. It may be, and it will be there—plenty of it; the more the better; only let there be nothing to cause one of these little ones to offend.

In such a home, moreover, where the young people come in with the story of some incident they have seen, they will describe it just as it occurred. If they repeat the words of others, they will be sure to do it fairly. They will not—as is so often done—stretch the truth a trifle to make a better story. It is pretty hard to literally obey the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," but years of faithful training will have made them careful.

In the ideal home, again, no false excuses will be heard. "A headache" will not be offered as the reason for absence from church or neglect of other duty, when laziness is the real cause. Upright, downright, frankness and honesty will be the rule governing father, mother, child, every member of the family. We may scan the actions of the daily life with all the industrious malice of a foe, and nothing meets our eyes but deeds of honor. Will fairy stories be among the amusements of the children? Very likely, but always told as fairy stories, and never confused with facts. But,

after all, do not most little people like the "really, truly" stories best?

Christmastide is near, associated in many households, almost entirely with Santa Claus and his mysterious visits. But this is the birthday of the holy Christ-child; and, surely, in your home and in mine, "Christ's birthday should be full of Christ." Why not speak of him? Why not tell the stories, handed down through the centuries, of our Lord's first years upon earth? Why not select for gifts the beautiful pictures of the child and his mother? There is, indeed, in the legends much which is merely fanciful, and not a little which is misleading; but much also that is true and helps to tell the story of our Lord's incarnation; the old, old story which appeals to every child, to young and to old.

He himself has said: "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." Now, in a household where genuine hospitality is shown, the guest's every wish is consulted. And he is the Truth. All, therefore, that is unworthy of him; all that approaches impurity or insincerity must be cast out, if we would constrain him to remain our constant guest.

Beautiful homes! How we long for them! We may have them. One of the loveliest I ever saw was in a little, unpainted house, containing scarcely furniture enough for ordinary use. The family were crowded like birds in a nest. Yet, it was hard to attract the children away for a single evening. Love, honor, integrity reigned there, and, brought up in such an atmosphere, they found no charm in aught that fell below the home standard. Yet, works of art, choice books and pictures, all those things which appeal to our aesthetic nature, were notably lacking there. If to us they have been granted, let us be thankful, and let us use them to make of ours a veritable "house beautiful," where each inmate may grow toward perfection; physical, mental, moral and spiritual. Or, if we may not have them, yet—

> "Truth is fair: should we forego it?
> Can we sigh right for a wrong?
> God himself is the best poet,
> And the real is his song;
> Sing his truth out fair and full
> And secure his beautiful."

Unless you put out your water-jars when it rains, you will catch no water; if you do not watch for God's coming to help you, God's watching to be gracious will be of no good at all to you.—Alexander MacLaren.

No man or woman can rise up toward God and not draw others up a little out of their depths.—Bishop Fowler.

What Does the Church Need?

By Rev. C. A. Huntington.

Father Rowel, whom we all venerate for his years and love for his long suffering patience and fidelity as a veteran in the gospel army, raises this question in a late number of The Pacific—from the standpoint of a sincere pessimist, who regards the Christianity of the nineteenth century as a dismal failure. And he quotes the Boston Congregationalist, our most widely respected authority in all questions theological, ecclesiastical and historical, as to the decadence of the church universal, which it (The Congregationalist) admits that never in the century now closing was it more active than now; never were its efforts so diversified and extensive as now; never were the churches so completely organized; never were their ministers so thoroughly educated; yet he tells us that the Congregationalist takes up the refrain that results in numerical growth were never so meagre and that the church, as the great power of God unto salvation, was never so impotent as now.

We are gravely told that the church has gone backward religiously, and that the power that it had in the time of Jonathan Edwards, when the Westminster Confession was the standard of orthodoxy no less in the Congregational than in the Presbyterian church, is a lost power.

Be it conceded that revivals of religion under the preaching of President Edwards and his contemporaries were more demonstrative and more telling than those experienced in our day. But it is not conceded that the church has gone backward morally or spiritually by reason of the abatement of those revivals, nor is it conceded that what the Church now needs is the reproduction of such revivals. They were the fruit of the theology of that age, and of the emphasized total depravity underlying the whole system, inherent in human nature, from which, with all the consequences of a burning, fiery brimstone hell, there could be no escape except by the direct interposition of a supernatural divine power. And the strong crying and tears that characterized the painful conviction antecedent to and indispensible to conversion was often more the terror of an imaginary material hell and the distressing suspense whether the individual was one of the chosen few elected to be saved or one of the reprobate many foreordained to be lost, than of conscious guilt for the atonement of which the provisions of the gospel are so ample and so easy. Nobody was ever consciously guilty of Adam's transgression, and tears of repentance for original

sin could have no virtue and the type of religious character begotten of the preaching of total depravity and the penalty attached is not such as the Christianity of our day cultivates or desires. Hence, if the preaching that frightened converts into the church in President Edwards' day is now a lost power, the twentieth century can afford it. At any rate, it must be conceded that the theology of that age is now obsolete, and what the church needs is not a return to it.

A minority in the Presbyterian Church want to retain it in their archives, not because of its authority, or of its utility, but for the same reason that antiquarians preserve fossil remains as proof of the ancient existence of species now extinct. And it is well to retain it that all who come after us may know the low, material, irrational, religious level from which the Church has risen to its present free, scriptural platform, where alone the human soul can find beatitude, comfort, salvation.

The question at issue is, What does the Church need? I answer, It needs just what Christ came to give, and that is not the doctrines of the Westminster Confession. The common people won't hear that at all, and the very few who now tacitly adhere to it have no use for it in the pulpit. Jesus did not come that they might have those doctrines, but that they might have a gospel that the common people would hear gladly, and whatever the Congregationalist may have said deprecating the lost power of Christianity since it eliminated the standards of the Fathers, it must admit that, as a symbol of human faith and as a condition of spiritual life, those standards are now obsolete. And at the same time it must admit that the Great Captain of human salvation was never leading forth such an invincible host of God's elect in all lands to roll on the car of civilization and bring home the sons and daughters of want of woe and spiritual bondage with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, as he is doing now; facing fire and the sword of assassination in the Ottoman Empire; martyrdom in its most revolting forms in the Chinese Empire; famine among the starving millions of India; and pestilence where the bubonic plague, the yellow fever scourge and the deadly cholera render it impossible for the living to bury the dead; and under the lead of the John Howards, the Florence Nightingales and the Clara Bartons invading feculent hospitals and all the perils of war, to bind up the wounds of the fallen and pour oil of Christian consolation into the hearts of the dying.

This is life; this is what Jesus came for, that we might have, and that we might have it more abundantly. And the Church universal, inspired by him, is pouring out its money by the million, to send forth an army of the missionaries of the Cross, whose name is Legion, into all dark places. Not so much to keep the victims of barbarism out of a lake of fire and brimstone in the next world, as to raise them out of the hell they are in now—the hell of earthly woe. This is the direct teaching of Jesus. He says: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." He didn't say anything about religion; that term was too definite. He never employed that term once in all his life and the apostles but seldom, and when they did they referred to the Jews' religion, in which they took no stock. The Apostle James says pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world. Jesus never employed the term once, and if he were here now, he would not say of the Jews, I am come that they might have religion; they have too much of it. To the Catholic, whose religion consists of loyalty to the Pope and obedience to the priest, he would say the same—they have too much of it. And to the Protestant, whose religion is gauged by the Westminster Confession or by dogmatic opinion of any sort, he would not say, I am come that they might have religion, for they have a great deal too much of it. But to all he would say, I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly; that they might have love, and that they might have it more abundantly; for love is the synonym of what Jesus calls life.

A certain lawyer who was very religious; who had kept all the Commandments, hearing the emphasis that Jesus placed on life, asked him, What shall I do? What lack I yet, that I may have life? Jesus said, "What is written in the Law, how readest thou?" The answer was at his tongue's end: "Thou shalt love." "Thou has answered right; do that and thou shalt live." But love implies an object. Who must be the object of my love? "The law tells you." "But who is my neighbor?" Jesus recites the drama of the Good Samaritan, and then asks the lawyer to answer his own question, "Which now of these thinkest thou was neighbor to him that fell among thieves?" The priest who had kept all the Commandments, who paid tithes of all that he possessed, who fasted twice in the week, and who thanked God that he was not like other men or like the poor sinner by the wayside, who was probably suffering the vengeance of an angry God? Or was it the Levite, also

of the priestly order, who "followed the example of his superior, and passed by on the other side; or was it the poor, outlawed Samaritan, once of the household of Israel, but now gone back on the Jewish ritual, mingled socially with the heathen, intermarried with Gentiles, with whom the Jews would have no dealings, but who, the moment he saw the bleeding sufferer by the wayside, asked not, Is he Jew or Gentile, saint or sinner, bond or free, black or white? Is he a man? Does he belong to the universal brotherhood of humanity? Yes, a certain man came down from Jerusalem to Jericho. Enough said. He ran to him; he bound up his wounds; he poured in oil and wine; he set him on his own beast; he brought him to an inn and took care of him, and on the morrow he called the host; he went down into his pocket for the bottom penny. He gave him all the money he had, saying, Take care of him. I know nothing of his antecedents, but if he is a man he is my neighbor and the law of my God, written on the human heart before it was written in the Bible commands me to love my neighbor as myself. Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbor to him that fell among thieves? The question answers itself. Of course, it was he that showed mercy on him. Now the Savior is prepared to answer the lawyer's first question, What shall I do that I may have eternal life? "Go and do thou likewise"; go and do like that poor outcast Samaritan with whom the Jews, claiming to be God's chosen people, will have no dealings. That is the life that Jesus spoke of when he said, "I am come that they might have it more abundantly." It consists not in pious frames of mind; it means something to do, which is inspired by the instinct of love.

A very sanctimonious Christian friend of Mr. Wilberforce in England, who was characterized as very rich, very pious, and very proud, approached him one day and said, Mr. Wilberforce, are you not afraid your are jeopardizing your own spiritual interests by devoting yourself, your time, your talents and your immense fortune to the abolition of the slave trade. Mr. Wilberforce replied: "I have no time to think of my own spiritual interests. God has given me something to do for humanity and I am going to do it and let my own spiritual interests take care of themselves." Then the friend replied, "I fear you are no better than a humanitarian." "Well," said Mr. Wilberforce, "if so, I am in mighty good company, for my Savior came that we might have life, which he illustrated by the example of the Samaritan, with whom the sanctimonious Jews would have no dealings. The Samaritan gave himself no concern about his own spiritual interests. He believed in the brotherhood of man, and Jesus was in perfect sympathy with him, and Mr. Wilberforce was very happy when accused of being a humanitarian, because of the company in which it placed him.

Sparks from the Anvil.

By Dr. Johns D. Parker.

The apostle says that "Jesus for the *joy* that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame." There is a radical difference in meaning between happiness and joy. Happiness is the pleasure we feel in view of what happens to us. When a man's environment is all right he ought to be happy. Joy relates to the internal pleasure we feel in view of the condition of the soul and its relation to God. A millionaire living in a mansion surrounded by beautiful grounds, with an environment of trees, flowers and fountains, while pictures, books and music make life enjoyable, may be happy. But a peasant living in a hut may be joyful. Christ on the cross was in an agony of pain, but his soul was joyful. In view of his mighty work, redeeming a lost world, he despised the shame, thought lightly of it; it was not a trifling thing that he did not take it into account. The most persecuted man that ever lived in this world said: "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake." The song of the angels, at the birth of Christ, was an outburst of joy, that seemed like an overflow of joy, because heaven could not contain it. Sometimes when it rains for several days, there is so much water in the river that the banks cannot hold it, and the waters overflow the meadows. This tumultuous joy of the heavenly host was not in view of the creation of a new world, or of new orders of being, nor of a new revelation of divine truth, but of the Incarnation, the most marvelous manifestation of God's love to man. The greatest joy of Christians at this season of the year should not be in view of possessing happy homes and in having loving friends, or that our lives float on a calm sea, and the sun shines brightly over our heads; but that the Divine One has been made flesh and dwelt among us, and that we have the unspeakable privilege of carrying the good news to men.

The Reformation was celebrated by many remarkable men. Melancthon, the friend and companion of Luther, was one of the best linguists of the Middle Ages. It is said that he wrote both Latin and Greek more easily than he did German, his native tongue. At

the Diet of Worms he sat beside Luther, and when Luther was sometimes puzzled with a question, he would write out the correct answer on a slip of paper and hand it to Luther. At last Luther's opponent referred to him contemptuously as the "little grammarian," when Luther replied that he would prefer Melancthon to all his antagonists put together. At his table sometimes his visitors would be talking in twelve languages. He called his home Ecclesiola Dei, the Little Church of God. He made South Germany his home, and did not like the cooking in North Germany. When visiting North Germany, he would say, "Ominia sun barbarica."

A bucket lost in a deep well can be seen by a beam of sunlight reflected by a mirror into the water, if directed carefully to shine in the right place. When the bucket is discovered lying in the bottom of the well, a hook attached to a small cord can be dropped down, and the lost bucket can be drawn up again. When the bucket is recovered, how cool the water which it brings up; how it refreshes us and quenches our thirst on a hot day! So it is with some passage of Scripture. Christ says, "Search the Scriptures," and the word translated "search" is a very strong one, and sometimes means to investigate and scrutinize. When we study a passage carefully and prayerfully, divine light is thrown upon it, as the mirror throws light into the deepest well, and the true meaning is discovered although it may have been hidden like the bucket in the well for a long time. How refreshing is a passage, like cold water on a hot day, when the real meaning is discovered, for it is the very voice of God. An illustration is seen in the case where the woman with an issue of blood touched the hem of Christ's garment. In our translation the evangelist says: "Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him." This language is perplexing. We all know that "virtue" never went out of Christ, for he is the incarnation of the principle of virtue, and of all virtuous intellections, sensibilities and volitions. When we look into the original we find the word translated "virtue" means (spiritual) power to heal. Like a battery charged with electricity, Christ was filled with the Holy Spirit, and with spiritual power to heal all diseases. This power seemed more potent and active after he had spent a night in prayer in the mountain. The evangelist says, after this night of prayer, there went spiritual power out of him and healed them all. The multitude thronged and touched him on every side, but this spiritual power only went out to heal the woman who touched him by faith.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Now the plowboy is graining his team and looking to the strength of his buckles and his tugs.

My neighbor, P. E. N. Delton, is putting muriate of potash on his lands. Don't ask me why. I am not a chemist. Ask the Berkeley professor.

Do you think there are no harvests in January? Today we have picked an apron full or oranges, lemons, ad voluntatum, guavas enough for jelly, pomalo for specimen, radishes for relishes, found eggs for omelette, sweet milk for cream, sour milk for smearcase, and Cherokee roses for nosegays.

This, with snow on the mountain and sunshine in the valley. Who could ask for more, or better climate?

Twenty inches of rain thus far make ranchers happy.

Co-op-eration is a good neighborhood scheme. Lend me your cultivator and you may use my "Acme" harrow. The "Acme" is a success. The boy said it was fun to use it.

Now the Al Filirea maketh Reba to skip like a unicorn. The Elder could not keep up with her. He admired her pace and stayed behind in the mire. But the Oakland Beauty knew where the oil cake was and hied her home. Fig tree branches are safe when fields are full of succulent clover.

Clover Dale always has rain enough; Saratoga almost always has.

Later news in San Jose papers than in San Francisco. They don't print so early.

The San Jose Herald, an afternoon paper of great promise, promises no Sunday edition. Look out for virile and noble editorials, and a clean sheet you will not need to handle with a poker. Delivered by carrier or sent by mail.

Berkeley's American Home.

Edward E. Hale.

There is hardly another incident in the American history of the first half of the eighteenth century as romantic as the little episode of Dean Berkeley's arrival in Rhode Island, and his residence there. It was remembered a few days ago, on the spot; and Berkeley himself was honored anew in a pleasant fete at Newport. Whitehall itself, the house he built there, was reopened on this occasion, to be a monument of his life here, and as a sort of club-house or museum, which may be of use in the future for students of his life and work.

Here was one of the most popular, attractive, and successful—one of the most brilliant

—men in England, arriving, with his wife, at the beginning of what he meant to be a life-long exile from the home of his childhood. All around him at the moment supposed that such exile had begun for him. He was forty-four years old. His bride, a charming woman, who enlisted heartily in all his projects, and gave her life to their success, as he had given his. What were those projects?

It is easy enough to say that they were foolish and futile, that "of course" they could not succeed, and that no one but a visionary would have embarked on them. It would be a pity if we did not know more than Berkeley did, living, as we do, a hundred and seventy years after his adventure. At the same time there is no harm in remembering that Berkeley knew some things which his critics seem to have forgotten.

He knew, for instance, that, in the year 1115, Bernard of Citeaux led into the wilderness of Champagne twelve other well-educated men, among others his own brothers, with the direct purpose of making a civilized home where was a den of savages and robbers. Men of intense apostolic purpose, they took their spades and mattocks on their shoulders, and marched, singing psalms, into a wilderness, surrounded by savages of a grade of civilization as low as that of our Blackfoot Indians when Lewis and Clark met them in 1804. Here Bernard and his men laid the foundations of Clairvaux, and in six years made it the centre of Western civilization. While he lived, he had himself sent out into England, Ireland, France, Western Germany, Sweden, and Hungary seventy other of such colleges—as they should be called—religious houses, which took upon themselves the civilization of the savages around them and the education of mankind. Before another century ended, there were hundreds of such places in Western Europe. Before other methods had superseded them and their work, the number of such establishments was to be stated in tens of thousands. To such enterprises, beginning with the establishment of Clair Vaux, the Clara Vallis, or Valley of Light, for many centuries the civilization of Western Europe today is due. It would be fair to say that I should not be writing these lines, nor this reader holding this newspaper, but for that march of Bernard and his brethren into the wilderness.

Dean Berkeley proposed an enterprise not unlike that of Bernard, with the white paper of the American continent to write upon. He meant to establish what he called a university, which would be practically the same thing as the convent, or religious house, of Bernard. He proposed to receive pupils here from all parts of North America, red men or white men, for the same purpose and with the same privileges, and so to educate them that they should return to their homes fit to level up the life of "this strange, new world which hath such wonders in it."

Of this religious house he proposed himself to be the head. He proposed to take with him ten well-educated scholars, with purposes as high as his own. He fixed his own modest salary at one hundred pounds a year. The Fellows were to receive fifty pounds each. Such security, at least had the friends of the enterprise that the teachers whom they sent out were not attracted by the hope of gain. And it is interesting to see that Berkeley had no difficulty in enlisting his apostles. He found all he wanted, and more—men in whose characters and purposes he had confidence, scholarly men, of courage and faith, who believed in the future, in America, and in Berkeley. The adventure did not fail from any lack of adventurers.

Strange to say, also, it did not fail because people of position thought the adventure wild or the scheme impracticable. Berkeley made them think it practicable. He talked of it to everybody. He gives an amusing account of a dinner party of wits and other fine gentlemen, where they made him talk about his plans. He talked with such enthusiasm that he converted them all. They all insisted on contributing very considerable sums, which he does not seem to have expected or asked for. He had announced that he should expend on the scheme a legacy of four thousand pounds, which Miss Van Homrigh had left to him; and he had the audacity to appeal to Parliament to bear the expense of the university. England had just acquired the island of St. Christopher, and Berkeley had found that eighty thousand pounds would be paid into the British treasury from his island. He had the courage to propose to the king, to Walpole, and to Parliament, to endow his university with twenty thousand pounds of this money. The king was well pleased, and agreed. Walpole agreed, and pretended to be interested, but probably really supposed that Parliament would never assent. Little, however, did he know Berkeley, if he did suppose this. Berkeley attacked each member of Parliament separately, and with such success that the appropriation proposed passed the House almost unanimously, only two members voting against it.

Berkeley felt as any other honest man would have felt—that his battle was gained. He engaged the first of his companions. He married the lady to whom he was engaged, char-

tered a vessel, and sailed for America. It was time to begin his preparations here. With that queer passion for island homes which had misled Ralph Lane, Gosnold, and even John Smith, among the early adventurers, he had selected the Bermudas as the seat of his university. But he knew that they could not raise their own food; and he came to Rhode Island to arrange for regular commerce with the Bermudas, understanding well that he wanted close connection with the English colonies, and that Newport was the best port for his correspondence and supplies. Here, on a winter day in January, 1629, he landed with his party. Mr. Honeyman, the minister of Trinity Church, heard of his arrival in time to announce it from the pulpit to his people, and led them in a body to what is now the Ferry Wharf, to welcome him.

Here Berkeley and his bride and his friends landed, and here he lived happily for three years. Here he wrote his ode, of which the fine closing lines are so often quoted in America—

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way,
> The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Berkeley was in the prime of his life when he landed and lived in Newport. And he is so near the time when George Fox preached there that he must have listened to that great idealist of what was then the last century. For the old man, George Fox, might have led the little boy, George Berkeley, by the hand. He could have told him what a child comprehends as well as a grandfather, how God is in the flower and in the butterfly, how he breathes in the wind, and traces the curves of the waves upon the beach. I think that, like other great men, Berkeley was at his best in conversation. In the simplicity of the life of the place, he found just the society he had dreamed of and just what he liked. I have not wondered, therefore, that he stayed happily in Newport, while those rather doubtful plans for the Indian college dragged along in London. How one wishes that there had been some phonograph to repeat to us today the serious yet brilliant talk of this great idealist of idealists with the quiet Friends at Newport of that day! Berkeley would find among these men those not unprepared for his high speculations.

With Roger Williams and George Fox in one century, with Berkeley in the beginning of another, with absolute toleration, as he observes, among all communions—and this not only among Christians, but with Jews and with the agnostics of the time—no wonder that Rhode Lsland became almost from the first the home of idealists. You must count even Hopkins among them. Then Channing comes, escaping from the horrors of Hopkins' Calvinism; and then Channing's friend, Rowland Gibson Hazard, who was born in the first year of this century. With these I must name Job Durfee, jurist and philosopher, and two remarkable preachers, Alice Peckham—who became by marriage Alice Rathbone—and Jennie Wilkinson, who afterward led with success a colony into the country of the Iroquois Indians in New York. She was the first who soothed their natural jealousy of their white neighbors. She called her town "the New Jerusalem," and was known herself as "The Universal Friend." The place is known as Quaker Town to this day.

In our time all religion which deserves the name, in whatever communion, is based on the glad sense of the real presence of God. From the pope on his throne round to the most individual of come-outers or the most scientific of Christian Scientists, every one is now eager to recognize the immanent presence of the God who is, who is here. The kingdom of God is at hand. This is the religion of the new century. Emerson is its spokesman, and Emerson's spiritual descent is direct through the life of Channing. In the midst of such Universal Idealism in the year 1900, it is useless to inquire with much anxiety as to the details of Dean Berkeley's statement in 1732 of the material universe, or what men call the material universe. Simply, his philosophy so-called, was his statement, in the best forms of words which he could contrive, of the central truths of God's present power, of God's present love. Does a butterfly cross from honeysuckle to locust tree, God is in the life and beauty of the butterfly. Does a white pile of mountain cloud make a new picture on the blue, God directs the cloud. God flings its shadows across tis snows; and God curves its outlines on the sky. Berkeley will not talk of "laws of nature." He will insist on the present life of God in the changes of Nature, or in her rest.

Of all which the interested reader will get no better sketch from Berkeley's own hand than in "Alciphron," the "Minute Philosopher," as he wrote it in his Whitehall, or in the shade of the rocks of Purgatory or Paradise, not far away. That book is constantly referring back to the beauties and the pleasure of his Newport life. It is such a mixture of what he saw and what he thought as might come today into the letters written by any young man or young maiden, who enters into cheerful and hearty intercourse with God or

nature in the better life of the Newport of today.

"Put not your trust in princes." When Berkeley's friends asked Sir Robert Walpole for the twenty thousand pounds, he laughed at them, and said that the act designated no time for its payment, and that it was not convenient to pay it then. In a word, Walpole had lied in promising the grant to Berkeley. It was never paid to him. Berkeley learned with grief that his king and his king's great minister had deceived him. He had to release from their engagements the Fellows who had wished to join in the enterprise. And, with his wife and his American son, he returned to Ireland. An infant daughter died here, and was buried at Newport.

And thus ended the dream of his American university. He made acquaintance of Harvard men and of Yale men. And to each college he made liberal benefactions. In our time our wise California brethren have given to their university, more than princely in its endowments and purposes, the fit name of "Berkeley."

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

—Christian Register.

Woman's Board.

A Thanksgiving Week.

I will give it to you just as it came to us.

"The Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Congregational church, Berkeley, recommended the observance of a week of Thanksgiving, beginning January 13th. Will you not share in this? We ask that you select from among your many mercies, one for prayerful consideration each day and record the same upon the enclosed calendar with appropriate Scripture text. Will you not, then, bring this card to the next meeting of our society, January 18th, at 2:30 p. m., at the home of Mrs. Kittredge, 2610 Dwight Way? *Mrs. Wikoff*, Pres."

The tiny envelopes, with their dainty enclosures of ribbon-tied note-calendar, arriving at fifty or more homes, suggested some social function, and claimed attention at once. An invitation to higher consecration in the Master's service! What was the response?

On January 18th the well-filled parlors of the hospitable home thrown open to us showed that many were the answering hearts; messages of regret and notes enclosing calendars were received from others, who would most gladly have been with us! The service began with the reading of the one hundred and third Psalm. Our program for the year includes alternate meetings for home and foreign missions, so that the various societies of our Congregational polity are considered from time to time. This time a paper was read by Mrs. E. T. Peck of Berkeley (a summary of a paper prepared by Mrs. E. S. Williams for the Home Missionary Union) on the Church Building Society. Then followed a most suggestive story, read by Miss Kittredge. It is to be found in the November Life and Light, from the earnest, graceful missionary pen of Emily Huntington Miller, and deserves more than passing notice here, for without it we should never have had our Thank-offering week or our Thanksgiving missionary meeting.

Next, after a prayer and hymn came the reading of the calendars from the absent and present members of the missionary circle—a specially precious part of the meeting. Some of the calendars recorded blessings and texts as follows: God's love (Jeremiah xxxi: 3); God's forgiveness (Ephesians i: 7); God's mercy (Ps. cviii: 4); Christ's abiding presence (John xv: 4); Daily strength for daily needs (Is. xl: 29); birth in a Christian land (Ps. xvi: 6); hope of immortality (I Cor. xv: 51, 52). Among other blessings mentioned were "An unbroken family circle," "A prayer-hearing God," "Measure of health," "Christian friendships" Psalm ciii: 1-5, "Answered prayer for special blessing to a loved one," "Thanksgiving for opportunities of service," "Patience of Christ with me" (Luke xvii: 3, 4), "Thankful that I can add my prayer for a blessing upon our college young men through the labors of Mr. Mott this week," "Fellowship with Christ," "Assurance that in the midst of my unworthiness Christ is always ready to receive me" (John vi: 37), "Gratitude for every-day mercies," "For a good church home," "For a kind, affectionate pastor and family," "For a missionary spirit in the members of my family," "For a fair degree of patience in physical suffering," "For spiritual blessings." A note from an absent member enclosed as a Thanksgiving text—for God's constant help in daily life (Ps. lxxiii: 23)—"My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

Another wrote, "I have filled out the little card with the feeling that the result is very small compared with the countless blessings for which I am (or should be) thankful.

"As I closed the short list the thought which has been often with me of late impressed itself more strongly, i. e., the privilege and blessings that have come to us through a long line of godly ancestry in this favored land of America. I feel that so much is owing to those who have gone before, and that it is beautiful and blessed to have even the smallest part in God's great plan.

"I am sorry I cannot be with you in person, but very thankful that you have given me the opportunity to express in this way a few of my many mercies. I hasten to mail the card to you, so that I may feel that I have a part in this thank-offering week.

"May I send one text with my offering"—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear." The offering was a five-dollar gold piece, which suggested the passing of the missionary barrel. Some of the ladies had not sent offerings; some present were not prepared, but the result was twenty dollars for the missionary treasury. And the helpfulness of the meeting! I am sure our President was right when she said, "It seemed to have brought us closer together and to the Lord than any meeting we ever had!" So we sang, "Blest be the tie that binds," and separated after reading a part of one of the Psalms together, in which every verse ends with the refrain, "For his mercy endureth forever." *A. D. J.*

Our lives may be marred in the living so that they shall never attain God's beautiful thought for them. There is a difference between a lump of clay and a human life. The marring of the clay may be the potter's fault, or it may be the fault of an accident; at least, it cannot be the fault of the clay itself. If a mis-shapen jar or bowl comes into your hands you would not say, "What a careless piece of clay it was that made itself into this irregular form!" Rather you would say, "What a careless potter it was which so spoiled this vessel, when he had the soft clay in his hands!" But when a life is marred, and fails of the beauty and nobleness which it was designed to have, you cannot blame God. You cannot say, "I was clay on the wheel, and the great Potter gave the wrong touch, and spoiled the loveliness which ought to have been wrought in my life." You are not clay, but a human soul. You have a will, and God does not shape you as the potter molds his plastic clay. He works through your own will, and you can resist him, and can defeat his purpose for your life, and spoil the noble design into which he would fashion you. The blotches in this fair world are all the sad work of human hands, never of God's hands.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

The fact is, evil never abdicates, never goes off on a vacation, never sleeps. Every day, every one of us is ambushed and assaulted; and what we become is simply our defeat or victory. Not to be crowned victor is to pass under the yoke.—Roswell D. Ditchcock.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Service — Accepted and Refused. (Matt. xxv: 14–30.)

Lesson V. February 10, 1901.

The kingdom of heaven, i. e., the new social order inaugurated by Jesus, means not only enjoyment (vs. 1-13), but service. Upon this phase of it his thoughts seem to have dwelt with even unwonted intensity, as, now, he stood under the shadow of his Cross. An illustration of this is seen in this parable of the talents, embodying practically the same truths as that of the pounds.

The Ground of Obligation

Is ownership. These men were not contract laborers, but bond servants, the property of their employer. His right to their service, to the whole of it, was therefore incontestable. Not, indeed, if judged according to the most advanced Christian ethics. But these would be out of place here. The parable does not touch slavery at the point of abstract right or wrong; but simply takes the existing fact and uses it for the enforcement of spiritual truth. A parallel to such use is seen in the statement that 'the day of the Lord shall so come as a thief in the night."

So understood, their designation as bondmen sets forth, with emphatic distinctiveness, the relations of this redeemed world to the Lord Jesus Christ. We are not our own. We belong to him. Soul and body, persons and possessions, we are the purchase of his most precious blood; and him to serve, is both supremest duty and highest honor. Read for further illustration the introductions to the apostolic letters, and mark how the writers gloried in their designation as the "slaves of Jesus Christ," and bound the title as a crown about their heads.

The Equipment for Service.

This is very unequal, both in the parable and in actual life. The five, two and one talents represent facts. Let us not exaggerate here. There is far more equality than current notions usually allow for. Generally speaking, it may be said that God entrusts us with as many talents as we can profitably use. To be born with a silver or gold spoon in one's mouth is no sure indication of honorable distinction. So far from being an advantage, its responsibilities overweight many men. Noble birth, wealth, social distinction, intellect, even educational and religious facilities, may thus prove a serious handicap in the race of life. It has passed into a proverb that "genius runs

out in the third generation," and the decadence of wealthy families is matter of common notoriety. I have been particularly impressed of late, in reading obituary and other notices of men who have made their mark in the world, to observe how almost uniformly they have sprung from what are termed the lower walks of life; and while writing these words my eye falls upon the account of a shrewd millionaire who has deliberately set his son, a college graduate, adrift, to shift for himself for three years that he may learn the value of money and how to use it. For many more of our young men, such a training might be of inestimable value. For not a few it might prove their only adequate preparation for successfully coping with those born to the advantages of poverty. Our "social settlements," in their way, testify to the same fact. So do the acts of men like Mr. McNutt—formerly pastor of Pilgrim church, Oakland—who enter the ranks of unskilled manual labor, that they may get closer to the lives of those to whose service they are devoted. Even such a heritage or hardship as was the lot of Abraham Lincoln or Booker Washington interposes a less formidable barrier to success than does wealth under ordinary conditions.

Admit all this. Give due weight also to what the apostle says about diversities of gifts and of the might which weak things of the world develop under the direction of God's Spirit. Estimate, at its highest, the preservative quality of godly lives in society; the power of even illiterate intercessory prayer; and the force which goes out from many a sick room, where saints are shut in. Yes, and take into account also the principle of judgment, as stated by the Master, that the coarse vices of the unenlightened, even the brutal crimes of low-bred Negroes may be less heinous, in God's sight and deserving of fewer stripes than the very respectable faults of those better instructed—admit it all.

Yet, still there remains the fact of a very real and painful inequality in the distribution of the good things of this life, the mystery of which demands a future life for its solutions; and which is freed from anguish only as we lift trustful eyes to heaven. Where the burdened heart of the world's Redeemer rested, there, and only there, can our troubled questionings cease to harass.

Duty Unaffected by Inequality.

The man of one talent was not responsible for the investment of five talents: but for the faithful use of the one he was as responsible as the other for his five. And that is a principle universally applicable. No man has any right to sulk over his disabilities, or refuse to fill his little space with faithful work. Duty is not measured by talents, but by relation to him "whose we are and whom we serve." Nor is culpability chargeable only upon reckless extravagance and vice. The culprit in this case simply hid his talent in the earth. God gives us our equipment of physical and mental endowments of personal furnishing and external circumstance, as so much capital to be invested in human society for its betterment. And no man, on the plea that he has not been treated fairly in the distribution, has any right to fling aside his little store—if it be a little store—and refuse to do the best he can with it. He may quiet his own conscience by maligning his Master's character and motives, but he cannot draw out from responsibility on such a plea, nor hoodwink any but himself.

Those stern words of the Master show how serious a crime, in God's view, it is to live a selfish life, even though otherwise irreproachable. It is a fact which needs to be impressed upon the heart of the man of one, not less than him of five talents, that God expects improvement as the issue of life. And whoever thinks to face the judge at last with no better claim that that he is no roue, or gambler, or thief, is preparing for himself the indignant rebuke, "Thou slothful and wicked servant."

The Equality of Reward.

It is not measured by amounts, but by fidelity. Each one who had honestly striven to do his best was equally pleasing to his Lord. This, too, is a point of prime importance. Whatever "the joy of the Lord" implied, that the faithful servant shared. The features which that joyous home coming of the Master would take on, we can imagine, each for ourselves. And then, when we have done our best, we can crown it with the gracious welcome, "Enter in," and share. And that again is the enrapturing prospect which our blessed Lord holds out to all his faithful ones. "He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with me in my throne, as I also overcame and sat down with my Father in his throne. And the misery of whoever is banished to the outer darkness of unavailing regret will be that the doom is self-incurred. It is that which will cause the "wailing and gnashing of teeth."

He that Hath an Ear, Let Him Hear.

Not any one class distinctly, for parables, like prophecies, deal with principles rather than specific objects. In common phraseology, they are for all "whom they may concern." The Son of Man was dealing with men, as men—specially with men as were liable to forgetfulness. And it was, we may think, with shuddering pain, that he turned from contemplation of the bliss of fellowship

with God to imagine the outer darkness to which unfaithfulness might consign even those who stood nearest him; the possibility that even those once enlightened and who had tasted of the heavenly gift and been made partakers of the Holy Ghost "might fall away into remediless ruin.

And so out from the gathering shades of that April day the word of solemn warning comes, unchanged with love and tenderness, from the burdened heart of the Son of Man: "He that hath an ear let him hear."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Christ Should Come To-Morrow. (I Thess. v: 1, 2: 4-8).

Topic for February 10th.

Christ has come. Often it is the thought of Christ as absent that chills our Christian life. Our Lord has not gone far away, like Baal, on a journey or to be engaged for a time in some irrelevant occupation. "Lo I am with you alway," is something more than a spur to a vivid imagination. What we speak of as the coming of Christ, is our coming to the realization of his presence. Death or an earthquake or some spectacular demonstration on the skies is not required to begin that consciousness of his presence. It may begin at any time. A life absorbed in keeping his words and carrying out his commands may realize that Christ has come already as a companion and a friend. Jesus has said this as plainly as he has said anything. "I will love him and will manifest myself unto him." And when asked to explain what he meant he replied by a strengthened assurance that he would take up his abode with us.

* * *

It is as much a mistake to watch for Christ in the wrong direction as it is to look up the wrong street for an expected friend. All our life long we may have our eyes on death or his "second coming" as the time and way of our meeting, when if we would be faithful and expectant as these words in the 14th of John encourage us to be, we would soon realize that he walks with us now, keeping step with all our experiences. This would change our feelings in regard to death from one of terror to one of glad expectancy. Our consciousness of the presence of Christ would grow more and more real, more and more assuring, until to go out of life through the gateway of death would not be a matter of repulsion and fear. We may not be able to talk much about this experience of our Master's presence, for our deepest Christian experiences are not meant to be talked about. Jesus said many things that he never explained. Once he told his disciples: "I have meat to eat that ye know not", but he did not explain what he meant by that opportunity being as food to him.

* * *

The sad fact remains that we have not more than half emerged from heathenism in our thoughts and treatment of death. In the colors we use, the garments we don, the dirges we play and the customs we follow, when death comes into a Christian household, we do not "sorrow" very differently from those "who have no hope." It must be a great grief to our Lord to see us Christians acting as we do at the advent of death. When we come to destroy death, and "to deliver all them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage," it must be a sad sight to him to see us carrying ourselves on such occasions almost as if he had not delivered us from that bondage, or destroyed that "last enemy." And what he can do, it is possible for us to realize. If he came, as he did, to change, not only the whole aspect of our life, but the entire thought and experience of death, then precisely that is what the Christian body should present before the world.

* * *

If Christ should come tomorrow, then it would be our wedding day. In human affairs, wherever marriage means what it ought to signify, there is no happier, more joyful occasion than the wedding day. There is something awfully wrong when courtship is happier than marriage. So there is some fearful mistake when mature Christian experience has no desire "to depart and be with Christ; for it is very far better"; when our thought of death, either for ourselves or our Christian friends, is not a thrilling anticipation of blissful culmination of an association as yet but partially understood or enjoyed. It is our wedding day! Then why should we send out to the public the doleful peal of bells! Why surround ourselves with all the symbols of mourning and dejection! Why must all our tones be those of sadness, and our tears those of unrelieved sorrow!

* * *

True, if Jesus has come; if we do realize his presence, our experience is partial. "Now we see in a mirror, darkly"; but we see. The image is there! His presence is unmistakable! Now we know in part. It is not all that it will be. "Still there's more to follow." As it will always be here or hereafter, we have not fathomed all depths or scaled all heights.

Enough is just before us to beckon us on, to throw the brightness of the sun over the future and to fill our minds with thrilling expectations. If Christ should come to-morrow, it would take us into the face-to-face life. It would be the coming of all that we have been praying for, singing about and preaching of. It is true again that if Christ should come to-morrow, it would be the rending of strong ties and the cessation of long-contemplated plans. But so is marriage. The wedding day divides homes, carries away friends, opens new interests and imposes new obligations. But for all that we ring the "joy bells", sing songs of rejoicing and give every evidence of gladness. Oh, for the time when our melancholy funeral practices will give place to services of victory when Christ is come to his followers! Oh, for some leader, for some church, for some community that will make it the custom to teach the world that to every faithful disciple of his, it would be the eternal wedding day, if Christ should come to-morrow!

Home Circle.

The Trousseau Is Not All.

There are other and far more important marriage preparations than the trousseau. I do not mean household economics, for it goes without saying that in order to have a perfect home one must be skilled in housekeeping; but there is a mental and moral fitting that, too often, is entirely overlooked. A close observer cannot help but see the vast amount of fraud in the matrimonial market; "all's fair in love and war" is only too true; counterfeit goods are passed for genuine. Ah! if some young people could only get a glimpse of the other's home life, the engagement would be off at once. You are all amiability to your fiance; will it last, or is it only veneer that will soon wear away, after the honeymoon is over and you have settled down to the realities of life? An examination of your daily life will determine this.

If the home is bright and happy by efforts of yours; if, in fact, your family are dreading your departure, rest assured that it is genuine and lasting; but if you are inconsiderate, careless and selfish, it is only the veneer that drives the matrimonial bark upon many dangerous shoals. I know pretty girls who, outside of their own home, are considered almost divine, when in reality they are of the most common clay. Some are petty despots about whom the family must revolve if peace is kept; some are intensely selfish as to their own ease and pleasure, making a great amount of unnecessary work for Bridget, and for the patient mother, who, without exception, is ever ready to excuse her; whose breakfast must needs be laid an hour or two after the family have eaten; girls of this description will always expect "spoiling." Some accept too willingly the many sacrifies from over-indulgent parents that they may be finely clad and enjoy social advantages beyond their means; this girl will make an extravagant wife.

Indolence is perhaps as great a foe as selfishenss, and often those who are most agile at the tennis court are most unwilling to lend a hand at home, and some are, oh, so careless about their own rooms! A fastidious Romeo would be forever disenchanted could he get just one peep at his lady's bower. One of the most popular girls I have met was careless in this way. I suppose she cleaned her room sometimes, but whenever I happened to see it there were rolls of dusty lint under the bed and heavy pieces of furniture, the dust lay thick, and the dressing table, which as a rule girls are fond of making dainty, was a bit of chaos—soiled collars, matted hairbrushes, grimy chamois and toilet powder spilled about.

On the other hand, some men are thought by their betrothed to be perfection, courteous, generous and never out of temper. If they could only be "a mouse in the wall!" A man who is lavish with flowers and bonbons cannot be called generous if his own mother wears a shabby gown and bonnet, and it is a fact that some of the smart society men who board at home pay the most meagre board, a sum that elsewhere would barely cover their laundry and mending bill.

How about the even temper when our young man snaps and snarls at those who ask him a civil question, or, worse still, stalks about in silence like a peer among his peasantry? There is altogether too much of this lord-it-over-all feeling among our young men, and it is not confined to the teens; I have heard sisters say they "just ached to tell that poor girl the other side" of their tyrannizing brother before it was forever too late.

"But," say both Romeo and Juliet, "I expect to do better when I am settled in my own home."

Why not begin now? Every small victory over anger, selfishness and indolence makes the next one easier, until one cannot help but increase in beauty of character.

It is this being "all glorious within" which makes for royal manhood and womanhood, kings and queens indeed.—Annie B. Wheeler.

Your Son.

Take him into your confidence and into your heart, and love him as your life, and he will surely repay you a thousand-fold all the days that you live. Make much of him; do not fear a demoralizing effect from so doing. You do not imagine, we believe, what an unending amount of petting he is constituted to bear gracefully and manfully, nor do you know how strong and self-reliant he will grow under such training of love, or how nobly he will respond as the weight of years begin to rest upon you, his mother. Trust him, consult with him upon the important steps of your life, and enter into his happiness and joys, and the sorrow and petty trials of his own that are as real to him as are the annoyances and frets of your life.

It oftentimes happens that our boys everywhere are heart-hungry for the same manifestation of love and attention that is given their sisters, and they cannot help growing jealous of the very apparent deeper love and solicitude exerted in behalf of those same sisters, though they themselves love their sisters with a devotional love. If the truth were known, your son is just as capable of appreciation of every effort made in his behalf, and he is as ready to make recognition of it as she is. Sometimes we think the boy the more ready of the two to respond to all that is done for him, and to all the love offered him, and mother-heart affection bestowed upon him. For girls are all apt to take for granted all that is done for them by mothers, and selfishly forget or ignore the rights and the wishes of the big brother, or even the little brother.

Why shall not our boys be recognized as fully as precious charges as are our daughters? There can be nothing more beautiful than the perfect confidence and companionship between mother and son which sometimes we meet with, but which, upon the other hand, we meet too rarely. Such companionship is almost certain to insure her boy against the temptations of the world that so persistently follow and coil about the very footsteps of the youth of our land.

Then teach him, also, to have no secrets from mother. Talk with him of the secrets and mysteries of life which he must and will learn from others if he does not learn them all in their purity from the lips of a pure mother. And it is mother who is best fitted, through her love for her boy and her desire for his own best welfare, to unveil all mysteries, and to teach him the sacredness of life and nature. Do not leave him to learn it all from lips that are unfit to whisper to him the things of life and living, but take him into your confidence and teach him of all he should know. The purity of many a man today, he will tell you, he traces back to his boyhood, when, at an early period of his existence, he stood in closest companionship with his mother. Upon the other hand, the downfall and ruin of many lives is directly traceable to mother-neglect. Mother-talks and wise counsel have saved our boys many and many a time. So while you teach your boy the importance of neatness and personal cleanlness, teach him also purity of thought and action, and that purity of language which shall make him loved and lovable.

To make his heart and mind as healthful as his body, it is imperative that an implicit confidence and nearness shall exist between that mother and her son. We find about us noble men who were trained to nobleness and pure lives from their infancy, and they speak with reverence of "mother," and their lips are forever heard sounding her praise. We find about us also such a world full of men, both old and young, who make no profession of respect for womankind, and who never dwell upon the theme that tells of a mother-love and boyhood companionship with the inmates of home, and our reform schools and prisons bear evidence of the fruitage of mother-neglect.

In the days of years ago, when President Hayes held sway at the White House, we read the most beautiful pen-picture of her who presided as mistress of the Executive Mansion—the wife of Rutherford B. Hayes. Many pleasant things were told of her lovely character and nature, and of the results of her reign. But no description of her life was so beautiful to dwell upon and to picture in one's mind as was the story told of the companionship that existed between this talented woman and her two sons. Every day, it was said, with a son on either side of her, their arms about their mother's waist and her arms about her boys, they promenaded back and forth the length of a long hall and adjoining rooms, all deeply interested in the talks that brought them heart to heart, and were the most sacred hours of their lives. No social or other duty or pleasure was ever allowed to intervene between them and their happy hour together, when three happy hearts were unfolded to each other, and all little worries or vexations were confided to mother, and were smoothed away by mother's counsel and advice.

Is it not one of the sweetest pictures to dwell upon, that devotion of a mother to her boys? And how my own heart ached for them when the news rang round the world, "Mrs. Hayes is dead!" But in the hearts of her sons, her husband, her friends, and those who

watched her pure and noble life even from afar, she lives and will live forever.—Ella Houghton in Christian Work.

Our Boys and Girls.

Nellie Bly's Robin Story.

It was a warm, sunny day late in November. Two robin friends were gossiping with each other on the front gate of a farm house. Said one to the other:

"I tell you what, Mistress Redbreast, it's about time we were flying south. I saw some wild geese—ugly things they were, too—stretching their long necks and screaming at the end of their bills as they streaked it south yesterday."

"Yes, Mrs. Rob," cried the other bird, "and this morning there was frost on the ground almost like snow, and my feet were really cold. I said to my youngest daughter it was time to fly, but she laughed at me and said she could see no sign of winter—didn't believe it was near time—and for her part she was going to stay; there were so many worms to be dug from behind Farmer Brown's barn, and the sweetest kind of seeds in his garden. The fact is, these young things think they know better than we do what is best for them; and, besides"—and Mrs. Redbreast shook out her feathers and drew her wings closer about her, shivering—"their young blood keeps them warm. I do believe I am growing old. Let's see—it is seven seasons, coming spring, since you and I came to this very farm and built our nests in the orchard. We were young things then. Do you remember Jack Rob wanted me to build a nest with him and I wouldn't—I liked Joe Redbreast better—and then he flew after you, and you two foolish young birds built in the Cherry Tree?"

"Well, I declare, you are getting old and forget things," said Mrs. Rob; "besides, that's your story, and you never could quite keep to the truth. Jack told me all about it. He said we Robins all knew in those days you were a flirt, and as you were not sure of Joe—who, you very well know, took you because he couldn't get Jenny Browning—you kept him; that is, my Jack tied to your wing, even when he would have been glad to fly away from you. And many's the time Jack has said to me, 'How glad I am that I chose you, my dear, instead of that stuck-up Mrs. Joe, for, besides being proud, she has queer notions about nest-keeping. She is away from her nest so much, teaching some other Robin nestlings how to become wise that she forgets her own young ones; and they are sad birds, as everybody knows.'" And Mrs. Jack shook her head and clicked her bill as she continued: "No doubt if you had brought them up better they would be ready to fly south with you. Mine are all ready—indeed, can hardly wait—I've told them such lovely stories of the Southland."

"For my part, I don't believe in telling such fine stories," retorted Mrs. Joe, "just to make my children willing to go with me. When I say, 'Go!' they may either go, or stay and freeze to death of they choose to. It's good enough for them. Birds should mind without being coaxed."

"Well, well, tut, tut," said her friend; "I thought you belonged to the New-Robin Club and believed in stories—teaching young birds through story and song to be good, instead of giving them a good sharp peck and a mind-your-own-business, when they ask pert questions."

"Mrs. Jack Rob, you know I am president of the club. But as I get older I begin to think grandmother wasn't so far out of the way, and perhaps the new way of the New Robin isn't so much better than the old. There's my daughter, now. I do wish you could get her to fly with us south. I don't quite like to leave her here, and it really is growing cold."

And the two Robins—who, in spite of their differences, were good friends—drew closer together for warmth, while they spoke so low in their conferences which followed, as they devised bird ways to get the naughty bird-daughter to do what was really best for her, that Nelly Bly could not hear them.

It was Nelly Bly who heard the Robin story or else dreamed she heard it, for she told it to me one November afternoon as we sat on the door-step of her father's farm house.—Alice H. Rich.

When Grandma Joined the Mercy Band.

Grandma and Beth Warren hung the high feather bed near the bed room window, though the clouds were snow clouds.

"We will sit close to the parlor window and watch for the first snowflake," grandma said. Then they closed the door. Dandy Dinks was shut inside.

Beth was learning to sew nine-patch blocks. Grandma Warren had come to spend the winter. She thought Beth's little hands should be busy. Aunt Sarah had sent grandma's best feather bed from Willow Farm.

"The expressman says your bed weighs thirty pounds. Your bed is a big one, but then you have a big flock of geese," Beth said, cutting some pink cotton pieces with her tiny scissors.

'But—isn't—it—a little—cruel—just some cruel—to pull feathers from a live goose's breast? Brother Harry is a Mercy Band boy. The Mercy Band people treat every—single dumb—animal kindly. Does a goose mind being plucked?"

Grandma kissed Beth's round red cheek before answering, "I pick only the downy feathers from a goose's breast and under its wings. If not plucked, the feathers will fall out."

"But the geese will be cold in the winter if you take the feathers," Beth urged.

"We have a warm shelter for our geese at Willow Farm," grandma said. "But geese are silly birds. One winter morning twenty geese were missing from the flock—had strayed from the warm shelter and were lost in a deep snowdrift."

"Did the geese starve?"

"Oh, no! Nine days after we missed them we found the twenty huddled up close to a haystack. The snow covering was perforated with holes melted by their warm breath.

"Feather beds are now only used by old-fashioned people. A hundred years ago only the rich people were able to afford good feather beds. When there was a baby in the home the father cut down a sweet gum tree if the trunk was hollow, and sawed the trunk the proper length, then sawed the section into two parts. This cradle rocked without rockers. Then baby's mother filled a little bed with clean, soft, downy feathers. She spun the wool sheared from a sheep's back into long wool threads, and wove the threads on a home-made loom into warm blankets.

"And then baby nestled snug and warm in this cradle and slept beautifully, kept cosy and warm by its own blanket."

Near-sighted grandma saw white flakes flying in the air.

"It isn't snow, it's real feathers," Beth said.

They hurried into the bed room and caught the brown puppy chewing holes in the feather bed. The feathers fluffed out from the holes and flew out of the window.

"Dandy is only a puppy," Beth pleaded. "He has been naughty, but, grandma, if you were to join the Mercy Band you might excuse his mischief—just this once."

Grandma Warren mended the holes in the bed tick, the smile came in her beautiful, kind eyes, and she joined the Mercy Band—a new band of two members. And Dandy escaped a whipping.—Ella Guernsey.

Do what your hands find to do, but do not reach out and take what does not belong to you and which was never intended for you.

The Rev. Dr. Stebbins, having been asked by the Christian Register to name ten men or women of the nineteenth century who have done the most for the welfare of the world, named Channing, Darwin, Lincoln, Wellington, Webster, Fulton, Morse, Martineau, Mill, Wesley. The Hon. Horace Davis of this city named: "Darwin, Fulton, Stephenson, Morse, John Ericsson, Elias Howe, Dorothea Dix, Clara Barton, the discoverer of ether." The Rev. Edward Everett Hale replied: "Darwin, Lincoln, Martineau, Tolstoi, Mrs. Stowe, Emerson, Arinori Mori, Stephenson, Nicholas III, the inventor of anaesthetics." In answer to the request to name ten events in the century most important in their influence upon the welfare of the world Dr. Hale said: "1. Purchase of Louisiana by Robert Livingston for the United States. 2. Colonization of the South Pacific by England. 3. Emancipation of Japan by Arinori Mori. 4. Introduction of steam travel by Robert Fulton. 5. Introduction of locomotives by Robert Stephenson. 6. Election of Abraham Lincoln as President and proclamation of emancipation by him. 7. The first telegraphic message. 8. The conference at The Hague. 9. The union of Germany. 10. And one adds with a good deal of doubt the battle of Waterloo." Dr. Stebbins said: 1. Application of steam to navigation. 2. Waterloo. 3. Atlantic cable. 4. Civil War. 5. Repeal of Corn Laws. 6. Use of anaesthetics. 7. Loss of papal temporalities. 8. Opening of Japan. 9. Congress of Religions. 10. Peace Congress at The Hague."

Mr. Davis: "Fulton's trip of Clermont. 2. Stephenson's railway invention. 3. Laying of Atlantic cable. 4. Discovery of coal oil. 5. Suez Canal. 6. Completion of the overland railroad. 7. Waterloo. 8. Unification of Germany. 9. Battle of Manila."

Martin Luther said: "I have one preacher that I love better than any other upon earth; it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window-sill, especially at night. He hops on to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops on to a little tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing and goes fast asleep, and leaves tomorrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth."

Yet we must be watchful, especially in the beginning of the temptation; for the enemy is then more easily overcome, if he be not suffered to enter the door of our hearts, but be resisted at the very gate, on his first knocking.

Church News.

Northern California.

Woodland.—W. E. M. Stewart has been called to the pastorate of the Woodland Congregational church for another year. The work is progressing so well that an additional salary is promised.

San Francisco, Third.—Rev. William Rader preached in the morning on "Well done, good and faithful servant." In the evening the church was crowded to overflowing by a congregation made up of many English people, who listened to a sermon on "Queen Victoria—Her Career and Character." Mr. Richard Harvey has been elected Superintendent of the Sunday-school.

Lincoln.—The Lincoln church held the regular annual meeting on the evening of the 9th inst., in connection with the week of prayer meeting, at which there was a goodly attendance. All the reports were in good spirit and very encouraging. All outstanding debts have been paid and running expenses promptly met. A new large heating stove and electric lights had been put in, besides some other minor improvements in the church building. One hundred new hymn-books and fifty new Sunday-school singing books had been provided, and a new interest awakened in the song services of the church in all departments. The benevolences of the church had amounted to nearly fifty dollars, and this, considering the discouraged and disorganized condition of the church nine months ago, was very gratifying. The claims of our denominational periodicals, especially The Pacific, had been strongly presented, as also the matter of general benevolences and especially self-support for California. The church voted to begin the first part of February to awaken special interest in the movement for home missions in the State, and generously consented that the pastor might be used in other fields for the promoting of home missionary interest. The Ladies' Aid Society had recently held their annual bazaar, at which they cleared $112. The spirit of harmony and fellowship prevails, and the beginning of the new year is not without its significance in renewed interest in all the departments of the church work.

Southern California.

Paso Robles.—Rev. H. H. Wikoff spent a busy Sabbath with us, speaking in the morning here and at San Miguel in the afternoon, and preaching in the Methodist church in the evening. At the annual meeting of the church last Friday evening interesting reports were received, showing a small balance on hand in each department of work. The new church has cost $1,430, and will require about $500 more to make it ready for occupancy.

Perris.—The annual meeting was held at the parsonage and a large number of the members were present; after the business had been transacted, light refreshments were served and a good time was had by all. Reports from the various departments were all encouraging. Fifteen members were received during the past year. During the year the last indebtedness on the church property was paid, new gasoline lamps were placed in the church, and the Ladies' Aid Society has sufficient money on hand to buy new hymnals for the church. The church is united and hopeful.

Redlands.—Eight persons, four men and four women, united with the Congregational church on New Year's Sunday. On January 17th the annual roll-call of members occurred. Ninety-two were present and responded when their names were called, and responses were sent by eighty-one others. This gathering proves to be, year by year, one of deepest interest. Mrs. Findley, worker among Chinese women in Los Angeles, spoke in the chapel on Wednesday, January 23d, before the Young Woman's Society. An interesting union service was held in this city on Sunday evening, January 27th, in commemoration of the life and influence of the good Queen Victoria. Addresses were made on the topics: "Victoria and Her Times"; "Victoria, Previous to Her Coronation"; "Victoria, the Queen"; "Victoria, the Wife and Mother"; "Victoria, the Christian Woman."

Nevada.

Reno.—while the church awaits the coming of its pastor-elect, Rev. E. C. Chase, now of Etna, the writer finds much pleasure in its fellowship. A very promising work opens before our brother here, and we congratulate him on his prospects in his new field. Large audiences and a united church will give him cordial greeting. Two events last Sabbath, January 20th, gave special interest to the day. The first was the reception, by a most impressive service, of eight new members into the Senior Society of Christian Endeavor. In earnest, tactful words the young president made them and all of us feel the real significance of their pledge of fealty to "Christ and the Church." The second was the unanimous adoption, by a rising vote, at the evening service, of an appeal, presented by one of the younger business men of the town and a mem-

ber of the church, to the State Legislature, against the proposed iniquitous lottery measure. It was the act not alone of the church, but of the entire congregation, and represented many voters and families. Good citizens now believe the bill will not pass. *F. N. Greeley.*

Washington.

New Whatcom.—Rev. A. B. Snider, who has been suffering from physical exhaustion for some weeks, has gone on a leave of absence for a time for rest. During his absence the pulpit will be supplied by the professors of the Normal School here. A time of rest will probably restore him to his usual health.

Ferndale.—Rev. O. S. Haines left on Monday last for Spokane, where he enters a sanitarium, to remain some two months. His many friends hope for his recovery. His place at the Congregational church will probably be filled by some one else during his absence.

Rev. James B. Orr and His Workat Placerville.

The gospel meetings, which for two weeks attracted interested audiences to the M. E. church in this city, closed last Thursday evening, but their influence upon the church and community will reach far into the future. As a direct result the church membership will be enlarged by twenty new names. Several were baptized last Sabbath morning and a large number gathered about the altar and participated in the solemn service of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, all of which, following so soon upon the closing meeting, was as "the benediction that follows after prayer."

Possibly no pulpit divine has ever stood before a Placerville audience having a stronger personality than Rev. James B. Orr. Of him it may be said:

"His life is gentle; and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature may stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man!'" and one who, in the pulpit, on the street, or in the home, is the same scholarly Christian gentleman.

His sermons were wholly devoid of sensational features and topics, but rich in rare and beautiful thoughts and sentiments; he could paint a rhetorical picture with the same ease that marked the simple story he told the children of Jesus and his love; and whether in talking to and with them, or exhorting the young men and women, or those who in the evening of life are looking into the face of Deity for light and comfort, he impressed every one who heard him with his sincerity, his love for and knowledge of the Book of books, and his evident and heartfelt desire to uplift, ennoble and sanctify mankind and point them to Him who was the Great Example.

We congratulate Rev. Mackay upon his enterprise in having secured so talented a speaker for Placerville, and also the friends of our neighboring county, who will have the benefit of Rev. Jas. B. Orr's teachings for a series of meetings covering a period of two weeks.—Mountain Democrat, Placerville.

Notes and Personals.

The Los Angeles Herald states that there is a marked increase in the attendance at and the interest in the mid-week meeting at the First Congregational church.

At the last communion service in the Central Union church of Honolulu thirty-six persons united with the church. Of this number nineteen were on confession of faith.

The article by Mrs. F. B. Perkins, published in The Pacific this week, was read by her at the last meeting of the Bay Association and was requested by the Association for publication.

Mail for Micronesia should be marked "via Sydney" up to time of steamer leaving San Francisco March 6th. After that "via Hong Kong" up to time of steamer leaving here April 9th. Then "via Sydney" again.

The Congregational Associates have elected the following Board of Directors: W. M. Searby, S. F. Bufford, S. S. Smith, F. K. Houston, J. H. Kemp, Morris Marcus, Wallace Bradford, D. M. Gove and G. S. Smith.

Our strong church at Santa Cruz reminds us of some of our churches in the middle and Eastern States, where the religious life is lived by a larger number of people than here in California. There are large congregations both morning and evening. The church is well organized for work. The earnest young people, of whom there are many, are an inspiration to the pastor to bring out his very best for their Christian culture and growth; and the Sunday-school is eminently fortunate in having as its superintendent Miss Mary Morgan, a teacher in the public schools, who puts into the work enough of the public school method to insure excellent results.

The Armenian Congregational church of Fresno, consisting of eleven members, was organized Thursday, January 24th. These had come out from the Armenian Presbyterian church. There is a long history back of the present movement, and the council called to look into the matter has acted with great care.

Those composing the council were at the first prejudiced against the starting of the church. When they heard all the facts, at their session in December, they were surprised to find that even ministers of our sister denomination believed these people had a right to a church of their own. At that time the council referred the matter to the Comity committee, representing several denominations, and adjourned to meet at the call of the moderator. The Comity committee gave the matter a thorough investigation, and decided there could be no breach of comity in the organization of this church. On this finding the council convened again last Thursday; the people who desired to organize were again questioned; the church was organized, and formally recognized by the council. Every step in this matter has been taken with great care, and those who joined in the organization gave evidence of a thorough Christian spirit. There is reason to believe that from the large number of their countrymen coming to Fresno every year they will be able to attract those who are spiritually minded, and we hope for a strong and helpful church.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

Our city of Seattle has, within the past eighteen months, expended over a million of dollars in carrying out its purpose to have a permanent pure water supply, sufficient for any probable growth for many years to come. The water from our grand Lake Washington has been proved equally good as that in use in most other cities of our country, but was furnished at considerable expense and risk of breakage of pumps and connecting machinery, and these facilities were proving too limited for the increasing demand of even our present population. The proposed gravity system, by which the waters of Cedar River should be brought direct from the sources of that stream and be made to flow through numerous artificial delta into the premises of every resident of our hillside and hilltop city is now complete. Large areas of land surrounding the headwaters have been purchased and condemned, that there might be no possible contamination of the springs, streams and lakes from which the supply is taken, by contiguous settlement. For thirty and more miles, partly through open stream, but for much longer distance through enormous pipe lines, does this nearly perfectly pure water find its way into our metropolitan city for every required use.

The Men's Club of Plymouth church, at its last meeting, had for its guest our City Engineer, R. H. Thompson, whose skill and supervision have been largely responsible for the successful planning and completion of this substantial enterprise. He gave to the Club a very interesting conversational talk concerning the details of this improvement, with many incidents connected with the progress of the work.

This pure, flowing water ought to prove of great helpfulness to the moral and social purity of our population.

The loss of our public library, a few weeks ago, has proved to us, as many another of life's apparent losses frequently does, to bring in its wake the opportunity for great and blessed gains. The outcome this time has nerved our citizens to seek great favors at the hands of one of our national millionaires, and Andrew Carnegie opens his purse to the limit of two hundred thousand dollars, and pays for a fire-proof building which shall shelter and preserve the library for whose establishment and growth our city council has made such wise provision.

"If we must have battleships, let Seattle's industrious people have a hand in building them." Many of her men of means, imbued with the "Seattle spirit," have said this as they have put their responsible names to obligations to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. Thus in these various ways is the determination expressed that Seattle shall be a great and well known city.

We wish that religious and spiritual growth could be recognized in some such way. Thus far it does not appear. There is some increase in the local membership of our churches, but financial ability and enterprise makes but little showing outside of the changed location and new edifice of the Pilgrim church. Plymouth church, which, it is generally supposed, includes several wealthy families in its membership, does not yet find the courage to undertake the payment of its $30,000 debt. Until that is wiped out Congregationalism seems handicapped in the matter of its enlargement in Seattle. Its three mission Sunday-schools of a year or two ago have practically ceased to exist; not for lack of growth and good work, but merely for want of roofs to shelter them. In one part of our city it is said that twenty-five Congregational families have for two years been associated in work with six families of another denomination because we could not furnish shelter. There are several fine openings for us in other parts of the city and vicinity. Some way to remedy this situation should be found. Can it be made to appear by the organization of a city missionary society, working after our polity, in a glorious

movement to widen the borders of the Master's Kingdom within our borders?

Dr. Kingsbury of the H. M. S. is spending some time within the boundaries of the Tacoma Association, learning the conditions of several vacant churches.

Taylor church, Seattle, is made vacant again by the retirement of Rev. Alfred N. Raven, who has accepted the call of the Presbyterian church of Ballard. Through careful financial management Taylor church has met all its obligations incurred in the coming of Dr. Raven, a year ago, and now wishes him the fullest success on his return to the fold of the sister denomination.

Rev. H. W. Chamberlain has been called by both the Columbian City and the Port Angeles churches, but seems led to accept that of the former. We have no doubt but this will prove a very profitable pastorate to both the church and the pastor-elect.

The Snohomish church have called to their pulpit Rev. Chas. Leon Mears, of Excelsior, Minn., and has provided for the expenses of the transfer from that frozen region to this Evergreen State. There are many other items of interest which might be mentioned here, but space and multiplicity of other work prevents more now.

Seattle, January 26th

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The edict has gone forth that gambling must stop, and stop at once. The petitions that were circulated in the churches and among business houses—petitions signed only by business men—no ministers allowed—have conveyed an "idea" to the mayor, and police commissioners, chief of police, and probably to the district attorney as well, that the "public" do not "endorse" the method which has been in vogue for the past few months, even if it does put money into the city purse. Proprietors of gambling devices of all sorts were notified to stop their nefarious work on the 26th, and the police were instructed to see that order was obeyed. Gamblers predict that the "reform spasm" will be of short duration, and attempt to show that the general business of the city will become dull in consequence of the closing of the various games of chance. Now is the time for every citizen to touch elbows with every other citizen, to the end that such a foul aspersion may be proved to be wholly untrue; not only that, but stand together as one man to compel the officers of the law to do their sworn duty.

The passing of Queen Victoria during the past week afforded themes for sermons in the principal churches of this city today.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Eggert gave a dinner in honor of the choir of the First church last Wednesday. The occasion was a delightful one, and was helpful along the line of enriching the social life of the church.

Rev. Alexander Brady tendered his resignation as pastor of the church at Cathlamet, Washington.

The annual meeting of the Forest Grove church was held on the 21st inst., and full reports from the various departments of church work were read. The pastor, that he had filled the home pulpit thirty-six Sundays, preached seventy-one sermons, had eight exchanges, five weddings, fifteen funerals, and made 229 calls. Fifteen new members were added during the year, four on confession and eleven by letter, and the roll had been thoroughly revised. The Ladies' Working Society had a good report. When the church parlors were built this society pledged $225 towards the expense. It was shown that the pledge had been met, besides $30 worth of silverware for use at socials, and paying for the music for the year. The Ladies' Missionary Society held meetings monthly, and had raised $140 for home and foreign missions. The Sunday-school reported 128 members, with an average attendance of 71. The presentation of missionary work will be made on the third Sunday in each month hereafter, according to an arrangement with the missionary committee. The Y. P. S. C. E. reported a healthy growth in membership. The treasurer reported an indebtedness of $100 for street improvements, but that was disposed of before adjournment, following which all present enjoyed a social hour in the discussion of cake, coffee and sandwiches.

The members of the Oregon City church, aided by a number of outside friends, entered into a conspiracy not long since, the result of which became manifest on the 18th inst., and was in the nature of a surprise to Pastor Bollinger and his wife on their fifteenth wedding anniversary. Numerous useful gifts were bestowed, among them a fine carpet, a water service, and a cut-glass vase. The presentation speech was made by Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, the gifted author of "McLoughlin and Old Oregon."

Portland, Jan. 27th, 1901.

How many answers have been missed simply because we did not follow our petition with a heavenward eye, and with the calm waitings of expectant faith! Remember, when you pray, go at once from the footstool to the tower.—J. Vaughn.

Church Building at Paso Robles.

Our church is now completed on the outside, with the exception of one coat of paint and some rough stone work. The inside is floored and lathed, ready for plastering. The total cost so far has been $1,400, and when completed we will have by far the most attractive church of its size in the State, and one which cannot be duplicated elsewhere for twice what it has cost us. Careful planning and buying, with use of cheap labor and materials at hand, have accomplished this. Our pastor has drawn the plans, superintended the entire work, and since September 17th has given eighty-two days of manual labor of ten to fourteen hours each. Besides this, he has performed all his pastoral duties in two fields nine miles apart. His efforts have won the esteem of this community and greatly encouraged and strengthened the church. Two have already united by profession and nearly a dozen more will soon join us. A number of influential people have promised to attend our services as soon as our church is completed, and we are assured of a greatly increased support at that time. With the best located and most attractive building in the place, and a membership that has proved its courage and consecration, we will be able to take the place and do the work that has been long awaiting us. Our example has already encouraged two churches to make improvements and another to meet a mortgage that had closed its doors. There is the greatest fellowship between the pastors and churches, and a strong desire to provoke one another to good works. Abundant rains have restored confidence and will make generosity in the community possible.

While our prospects are of the brightest, our needs and abilities have not changed. We have exhausted our local resources, and unless we can obtain $250 more from those Congregational brethren and churches that have not yet aided us, we will be unable to meet the requirements necessary to obtain our $500 grant from the Building Society, which will complete and modestly furnish the church. Failure to receive such subscriptions and aid must compel us to let the building stand in its unfinished condition, and that, too, when there are the most urgent reasons why it should be pushed rapidly to completion. We would most earnestly appeal to churches and individuals that have not yet remembered us, to help us in our extremity without waiting for a more personal appeal.

We have been made the protege of the Congregational churches of California, and trust that the making up the small amount needed will not be permitted to prevent the successful completion of a work for which we are deeply grateful. *Mrs. Elma J. Colton.*

Officers of several of the big railroad systems are considering plans to induce agents and others concerned to make stronger efforts to beautify station grounds and buildings. During the past year or two particular attention has been given to making the stations more attractive. The Burlington has accomplished a great deal in this direction. Last year it issued orders to all employes that the grounds and buildings adjacent to the company's right-of-way must present a neat and attractive appearance. The company's gardener gave his especial attention to beautifying the suburban stations for forty miles out of Chicago. Before last summer closed, switch shanties, tool houses, yard offices and round houses had been prettily covered with running vines and the grounds about each building converted into fine lawns over which shrubbery had been planted. During the coming spring and summer this work will be greatly extended, and in time the Burlington expects to have the most ornamental station grounds in the West.

Married.

France—Bucher.—In San Francisco, January 19th, 1901, by Rev. G. F. Mathes of Perris, Dr. John M. France and Alice W. Bucher.

NOTICE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—In the Matter of the Application of "Bethlehem Congregational Church," a religious corparation, for permission to mortgage real estate.

The "Bethlehem Congregational Church," a benevolent corporation, having filed in this Court its petition for permission to mortgage a certain piece of real property, situated in the city and county of San Francisco, which is bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Vermont street, distant thereon two hundred and fifty (250) feet northerly from the northerly line of Yolo street; thence northerly along said line of Vermont street, fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being part of Potrero Block number one hundred (100).

It is hereby ordered that said petition be heard in Dept. No. One of this Court, in the Court Room thereof, in the New City Hall, San Francisco, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day; and that a copy of this order be published for two (2) consecutive insertions in "The Pacific," a newspaper printed and published weekly in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated January 25, 1901.

F. H. DUNNE, Judge.

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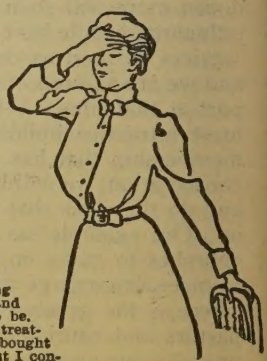
THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN

Some parents are always interposing objections when their children want to come to Christ. "They are too young to understand," "Better to put it off for a few years," etc. Let such thoughtfully consider the following from Dr. Wayland Hoyt of the Baptist Church: "I believe in the conversion of children. I believe that upon them, and likeliest upon them, that birth from above may fall. I believe that quickest of all the little child will adjust itself to this demand of the Lord Jesus for new birth. More than that, I believe that so easily may a little child be molded, so facile is a little child to a rightly directing touch that a child may even unconsciously meet this demand of the Lord Jesus, and, almost from earliest consciousness, yielding its childhood to Christ as Lord and Master, grow up in Christ. Rightly asks another, 'What authority have you from the Scriptures to tell your child, or by any sign to show him that you do not expect him truly to live and obey God until he has spent whole years in hatred and wrong?' Nay, seek to turn the child Godward at the earliest moment, and so forestall and prevent the years of inundating wrong."—Lutheran Observer.

Love is a compound thing. It is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, and it has come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors—red and blue and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing, love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. The spectrum of love has nine ingredients: Patience, "Love suffereth long"; kindness, "And is kind"; generosity, "Love envieth not"; humility, "Love vaunteth no is not puffed up"; courtesy, not behave itself unseemly" fishness, "Seeketh not her good temper, "Is not easi voked"; guilelessness, "T no evil"; sincerity, "Rejoic in iniquity, but rejoiceth truth." You will notice t are in relation to men, to lif hear much of love to God; spoke much of love to man. ion is not a strange or added but the inspiration of the life, the breathing of an spirit through this temporal —Drummond.

Fainting Spells



"When I was 17 years old I was nearly six feet tall, and I evidently outgrew my strength. My health began to fail, and in spite of the best medical attendance I continued to grow worse. Finally I became so weak that I could not stand up alone. My blood was thin, I had no color and no appetite. I was subject to fainting spells which came on nearly every day, and was as miserable as it was possible to be. When it was seen that the physician's treatment was doing me no good my parents bought many kinds of medicines for me, but I continued to fail.

"One day a gentleman told my father of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I consented to try them. I was surprised and greatly pleased to find that good results followed the use of the first box, and I continued taking the pills. My appetite improved at once and my strength returned. I took five boxes of the pills and they cured me. My health is now excellent, I have a good color, and feel active and strong.

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ou close your doors and brood your own miseries, and the s people have done you;

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en a woman feels that the responsi- s and duties of wifehood and moth- l have become irksome to her—a n and trouble rather than a source ifting and inspiration—it shows that is some deficiency in her physical up; some abnormal and unhealthy ion of the delicate and important l structure of womanhood.

y thousands of women annually write to V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the eminent ist in women's diseases requesting profes- advice—which he is always glad to send t charge—and telling him of the marvel- nefits they have received from his won- "Favorite Prescription" in building up pecial health and physical energy.

ould like to express my gratitude to you benefit I have received from your won- "Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. Anderson, of South Britain, New Haven nn. "During the first month of preg- I could not keep anything on my stom- was so sick that I had to go to bed and r weeks.

ied different doctors, but with little bene- read about many being helped by using nedicine so I thought I would give it a I began to take 'Favorite Prescription' ember and I had a nice little baby girl in ry following. My baby weighed over ounds. I was only in hard labor about ur and got along nicely during confine- was up and dressed on the eighth day. e 'Favorite Prescription' helped me won- y. It kept me from having a miscarriage. akes my second child; with the first one ot take 'Favorite Prescription' and I had arriage. This last baby is as plump and y as any mother could wish."

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whereas, if you but open those doors, you might come out into the light of God's truth, and see that his heart is as clear as sunlight toward you. If you would but let him teach you, you would find your perplexities melt away like the snow in the spring, till you could hardly believe you ever felt them."

In trying to overcome a tendency to wrong it is well to remember that the physical condition strongly affects the attitude of the mind. Very often an attack of the "blues" calls for a physician's prescription. A little more care about taking sufficient sleep or proper food or daily exercise in the open air, would oftentimes dispel the shadows that make the world look dark.

Whoever we may leave or whatever we may lose, still we part not from our best Friend, nor are we deprived of our most valuable portion. We cannot be lonely if God be with us. We cannot want if he provides for us. We cannot err if he guides us. We cannot perish if he preserves us. And all this he will do for those who put their trust in him.—[Bush.

It seems to the majority of people very much easier to trust God for eternal salvation than for help in the little trials of every day. We accept without any question the the great miracle of the resurrection and the fact of a home in the waiting heavens, but it is hard to realize that good will come to us out of yesterday's disappointment and to-morrow's toil.

It is a sweet thought to me that Jesus would have missed me if I had never been sought and brought back. As the shepherd in the story left the ninety and nine to hunt for the single straggler, so I may gladly hope that Jesus wanted me in heaven, or else he would not have come so far or endured so much to save me.—[T. L. Cuyler.

It is not a shame to make show of our profession, so we truly profess what we make show of; but of the two I had rather be good and not seem so, than seem good and not be so.—[Warwick.

Heaven shall want power and earth means before any of the household of faith shall want maintenance.—[Hall.

They who forsake the altar shall be forsaken.—[Parker.

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WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE CHURCH?

1. I can give my whole heart to God by faith in Jesus Christ, and thus secure a special blessing for myself, and for the church of which I am a member.

2. I can set my brethren a good example and so help them to grow in grace, and that will be a blessing to the church.

3. I can, through faith, be courageous and cheerful, and thereby strengthen and encourage the church in its herculean work.

4 I can pray for the prosperity of the church, and God hears the prayer of faith.

5. I can, by a godly life, illustrate to the world the saving power of the gospel, and thereby lead souls to Christ.

6. I can induce others to attend the divine services with me.

7. I can give part of my earnings for the support of the church.

GLEANINGS.

Whom God calls he will own and give them his presence; whom he raises up he will be with.—[Henry.

Something must be left as a test of the loyalty of the heart—in paradise, the tree; in Israel, a Canaanite; in us, temptation.—[Cecil.

That action is not warrantable which either blushes to beg for a blessing, or, having succeeded, dares not present thanksgiving.—[Enchiridion.

Unless thou strive, thou shalt never obtain the crown of patience. Neither is quietness obtained without labor, nor victory without fighting.—[Thomas a Kempis.

What do Christian believers undertake? Simply the imitation of the most intense life the world has known. What does the Founder of our religion demand? Absolutely the surrender of personal preference to his theory of life. Whatever else it is not, it is at least, beyond dispute, a theory of breathless self-sacrifice. A sensible writer has said: "The Christian law is the law of love. Whoever puts the rules of art above the law of love is a pagan. He who habitually seeks to gratify his own tastes rather than to do good to all men as he has opportunity is not a Christian, but a pagan."—E. S. Phelps.

An Arab chief at Cairo was very ill and went to the missionary, and the missionary gave him a prescription. After a week he found the Arab none the better. "Did you take my prescription?" he asked. "Yes, I ate every morsel of the paper." He dreamed that he was going to be cured by devouring the physician's writing. So with salvation: It is not the plan of salvation which can save; it is the carrying out of that plan in a Christlike life."—[Spurgeon.

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